

THE CRITIC

OF BOOKS, SOCIETY, PICTURES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

—THE ANNIVERSARY will be held at the Apartments of the Society in Somerset House, on FRIDAY, February 18, at One in the Afternoon; and the Fellows will DINE on the same day at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's-square, at Six.

Those Fellows who intend to dine are requested to leave their names either at Willis's, Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street, or at the Apartments of the Society, previously to the 18th inst.

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Pictures of high class and interest, collected by that well-known collector, Mr. Chanlin, of New Bond-street.

MR. PHILLIPS begs to announce to the Nobility and Gentry, that in consequence of Mr. Chaplin having retired from business, he has received his directions to submit to SALE by AUCTION, on TUESDAY, APRIL 4, at One precisely, the whole of his Collection of valuable PICTURES, formed with great care and acknowledged judgment, principally from the Dutch and Flemish schools. In the present stage it will only be necessary to enumerate a few of the leading works composing the collection, which are of the highest class of art, viz.—a River Scene by Cuyp; a Landscape, Hackert, with Figures and Cattle introduced by Adrian Vandervelde; a Sea Storm off the Dutch Coast, by Jacob Ruysdael, and three Landscapes by the same admirable artist; a Grand Kermesse by Jan Steen, and one by A. Ostade; subjects by Weynt, P. Wouvermans, De Konin, Vanderveer, and others; Dead Game, by Weenix; three Italian Landscapes, by R. Wilson, from Lady Ford's collection; together with equally interesting Pictures, which will be more fully detailed in future advertisements.—73, New Bond-street, Jan. 8.

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| Cooper, R.A. | Lee, R.A. | West |
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| Dang, Cowper | Morland | Millais |

Further notice will be given.

MR. HODGSON will SELL by AUCTION, at his Great Room, 192, Fleet-street, corner of Chancery-lane, on THURSDAY next, FEBRUARY 17, and two following days, at Half-past Twelve, valuable BOOKS (a portion of the Library of a Clergyman), including, folio: Walton's Polyglott Bible and Castell's Lexicon, 8 vols.—S. Basili Opera, 3 vols.—S. Ambrosi Opera, 5 vols.—Lupo, Opera, 12 vols.—Bishop Gibson's Preservative against Popery, 3 vols.—Taylor's Hebrew Concordance, 2 vols.—Bellarmi Opera, 7 vols.—Du Pin's Ecclesiastical History, 7 vols.—S. Bernardi Opera, 6 vols.—Brandt's Reformation, 4 vols.—Foxe's Martyrs, 3 vols.—Vossii Opera, 6 vols.—Trümmler Concordantie, 2 vols.—Granger's England, illustrated, 3 vols.—Moreri Dictionnaire Historique, 10 vols.—Quarto: S. Augustini Opera, 11 vols.—Faber's Pagan Idolatry, 3 vols.—Tillemont Historie Ecclesiastique, 22 vols.—Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, 5 vols.—Theological Tracts, 57 vols. very scarce—Facciolati Lexicon, 2 vols.—Hoare's Geraldus 2 vols. Octavo, &c. : A complete Set of the Hampton Lectures, 66 vols.—Bridgewater Treatises, 12 vols.—Owen's Works, 21 vols.—Baxter's Works, 23 vols.—Jeremy Taylor's Works, 15 vols.—Fuller's Church History, &c. 7 vols.—Dodd's Church History, 5 vols.—Watson's Theological Tracts, 6 vols. large paper—Fox's Martyrs, 8 vols.—S. Chrysostomi Opera, 13 vols.—Bishop Hall's Works, 12 vols.—Beauties of England and Wales, 26 vols.—Wellington Dispatches, 13 vols.—Alison's Europe, 10 vols.—Bede's Works, 12 vols.—Collier's Ecclesiastical History, 9 vols.—Christian Observer, 41 vols.—Library of the Fathers—Tracts for the Times, &c. The whole in excellent preservation.

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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry, with Extracts from her Letters and Journals. Edited by two of her DAUGHTERS. In 2 vols. Vol. II. London: Gilpin. Hatchard and Son.

ON a former occasion, in our notice of the first volume of this work, we endeavoured to convey to our readers an idea of the character of Mrs. ELIZABETH FRY, and of the nature and value of those labours undertaken by her for the good of her fellow-creatures. We then endeavoured to shew in what manner, and through what means, the sensitive and timid child became developed into the earnest, original-minded woman, effecting, through the influence of her extraordinary character, a most necessary revolution in an important department of human society. As far as the nature of so slight a sketch would allow, we have beheld ELIZABETH FRY as she was in youth, and in middle age. We have seen her mount the hill of life, and in spite of her nervous and fearful temperament, bravely face the toils of the ascent, and unshinkingly grapple with the arduous labours of her singular path; we are now to contemplate her descent into the vale of years—to see her suffer as well as act;—but we are still to behold in age as in youth, the same ELIZABETH FRY—the same earnest, loving, faithful spirit; changed only in the sense that the bud changes into the blossom, or the germ develops the plant.

There are a class of persons who appear to think that age in itself necessarily confers wisdom—that years bring, as a matter of course, and apart from the lessons they teach *only* to the humble searcher after truth, the human mind to a greater degree of perfection. That such *ought* to be the case is indisputable; but that it frequently *is not*, requires but little argument to prove. Too often years serve only to confirm prejudice, and strengthen conceit. Life is a teaching, but, alas! the learners are few. Of this select number, there have not been many more eminent than Mrs. FRY. To the last, her views became clearer and purer, more free from prejudice, more open to the perception of truth and goodness, wherever and in whomsoever these might exist,—and this without swerving from the foundation upon which her own faith was established. She was a rare example of the same person, uniting an unshaken conviction in the rectitude of her own views, with an enlarged charity towards those who happened to differ from her. Her perception of the *essentials* of religion and goodness was very distinct, and her recognition of them immediate. To this quality was, doubtless, in a great measure, owing her success as a missionary of peace and goodwill to all men, and the astonishing results of her labours, which are, in some measure, indicated in this volume. We regret that our space forbids us to dwell upon these as long as our inclination might have led us to do, or to give more of them than a very faint and imperfect outline of the incidents of her eventful life, which, in her later years, seem to be more diversified, and to crowd more thickly than during her earlier life.

The year 1826 seems to have been marked in

Mrs. FRY's history with little of an extraordinary nature. Towards the end of the year she obtained a certificate from the Friends' Monthly and Quarterly Meetings to pay a religious visit to Ireland,—a concern she had for some time believed it her duty to undertake, although she appears to have felt some reluctance at engaging in it. We are told, "Acutely did she feel leaving her family, and most painful was it to them to part with her; nor was the trial lessened by some of her children, as they advanced in life, not being altogether satisfied with these engagements, or able to comprehend how a career so peculiar could be consistent with their mother's domestic duties." She was accompanied in this journey by her brother, Mr. JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY, and her sister-in-law, Miss ELIZABETH FRY. Though attended by discouragements such as the above, and the enterprise clouded in the outset by the illness of her companions, and in the end terminating in her own, Mrs. FRY seems to have experienced much satisfaction in the results of this visit. She appears to have found the prisons in Dublin in a deplorable condition, particularly those appropriated to debtors. By every one, of every rank, and of all sects, these ministers of peace seem to have been well received. Mrs. FRY remarks,—

I think I never remember being any where with such an opening for service in every way—religiously, morally, and in benevolent objects. Our being esteemed as, in truth, we are, quiet and conciliatory in our views, and our being of no party in religion or politics, appears just now important. * * * * * More of Christian charity, being all one in Christ, appears the thing wanted here.

Would that there were more such missionaries to unhappy Ireland! for when were they ever more greatly needed than now? In the following terms are the inhabitants and the city of Dublin described:—

The people are powerful and warm-hearted, but not I think possessing more feeling or sensitiveness than the English. They appear to me to be formed bodily and mentally in a harder mould. The city is very fine, its houses and buildings above the mode of living, or the state of the inhabitants.

We extract Mrs. FRY's allusion to the following circumstances, for the sake of the very natural reflection by which it is accompanied—a reflection suggestive of thought upon the happy changes wrought by the progress of society, and adding another to the many proofs afforded by the history of humanity, that the good thing despised and rejected in one age, will be honoured and exalted in another—a bright encouragement to all suffering for Truth's sake.

I forgot to say, that when visiting the prisoners the day before, the judges were sitting in the court, and sent to us to go to them there. Picture your uncle, myself, and some other friends, in a crowded court, sitting beside the judges. I could but be reminded of the difference of our situation to that of Friends formerly taken into the courts in time of persecution, and so cruelly treated; but my belief is, that their standing their ground as they did, prepared the way for even these services. "They laboured, and we have entered into their labours."

In the autumn of this year, Mrs. FRY lost her much beloved sister, RACHEL GURNEY, after a long and trying illness. Like her more celebrated sister, this lady had, it seems, in that sister's words, "peculiarly the power not only to see but to unite with the good of all persuasions." In some respects her views agreed with those of Friends, in others they corresponded with those of the Church of

England. The day after her sister's funeral, Mrs. FRY hastened from Earlham to Lynn, where her married daughter resided, and wrote thence to announce the birth of a grandson. On the succeeding day she was summoned to the residence of a sister, in consequence of the birth of a nephew, whose very uncertain life was preserved, it seems, apparently through her exertions. Among her numerous powers of being of service to others, Mrs. FRY included that of an eminently skilful nurse of the sick. She considered the life even of infants of the highest importance, and was accustomed to say, "You none of you know how good or how great they may live to be." From these domestic scenes of usefulness, Mrs. FRY passed into the sphere of her public duties. Communications were awaiting her upon the subjects of Prisons and Prison Discipline, and Lunatic Asylums, from Petersburgh, Paris, Brussels, &c. &c.

Far and wide the spirit of the age responded to the sweet voice which had whispered love to the guilty and the wretched; and the great nations of the earth looked to her who led the van of improvement.

Hitherto the life of ELIZABETH FRY had been one of great outward prosperity. Sorrows she had had, it is true, but neither so numerous nor so heavy as those which commonly fall to the lot of most persons ere they have attained the age of nearly half a century. Towards the end of the year 1828 the failure of a house of business in which her husband was concerned, reduced Mrs. FRY from a situation of considerable opulence to one of comparatively small means. This loss was very heavily felt by her. Surrounded from childhood with all the pleasures wealth can give only to a generous mind, it seemed hard in the evening of her days to be deprived of the means of giving that happiness the conferring of which habit and disposition seemed to have rendered necessary to her own, as well as to be deprived of those comforts and luxuries the loss of which long custom and advancing years rendered doubly painful. This winter was also rendered more gloomy by ill-health on her own part, and the sickness of many who were near and dear to her. Yet was this time not altogether without its consolations. She had the happiness to find that the many friends whom her virtues had made in brighter times seemed now to strive who should shew her most love and honour in the day of adversity. She had known how to make real friends. In the June of 1829 she left Plasket, the beautiful and happy home of many years of her married life, and removed to a dwelling in Upton Lane, which she describes as "small" but "pleasant and convenient." We cannot do better than conclude our brief notice of this momentous period of her life than by a short transcript from her journal, strikingly descriptive of the nature of her feelings, and the depth of her regret for what she had lost, and yet not less strongly illustrative of the nature of the support which upheld her then and through all her afflictions.

After having for so many years received dear friends at my house, it tried, not to say puzzled me, why such a change was permitted me. But I rest in the weighty import of the words, "That which I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Mrs. FRY's loss of fortune did not abate her interest in those objects of benevolence to which she had in a peculiar manner devoted herself, or lessen her exertions in behalf of degraded and suffering humanity. Neither did it affect her lively performance of the duties to

which she believed herself called as a minister of the Society of Friends. The remainder of this year and the succeeding were passed in the fulfilment of these, and her ordinary avocations of a more private nature. And these last do not seem to have been light. Mrs. FRY appears to have been adapted to minister to suffering of every description. Constantly we find her attending the many members of her numerous family in times of sickness and distress. A niece whom she had successfully nursed during a dangerous illness, describes her as "descending to the humblest services," recalls "her soft hand, her exquisite reading and delicious company," concluding, "Oh that we could hear her, see her, feel her once more!"

As we have said, Mrs. FRY's interest in prison reform continued unabated. The excitement in the public mind, consequent upon the discovery of the fearful evils concealed within the dismal walls of these abodes of misery and crime, and the apparent strangeness and yet simplicity of the means by which reform might be wrought, had, as public excitement of every kind will always do, passed away. But the current of public opinion had not rolled on, leaving no vestige to attest its course. The work had been begun—the light had arisen,—the work of Progress—the light of Truth. The one is still brightening, the other still advancing. A glance at the past awakens hope for the future. Evil and good are both progressive. The smallest step thus becomes a question of awful moment. The impetus once given, we know not where the ball may stop!

The law had become less sanguinary, particularly in cases of forgery; indeed, the Commons had voted against the execution of the extreme penalty of the law in all cases of this nature, but the Upper House had not yet become so humane or so enlightened; and these are the same, the terms only applying to the different paths leading to the same end. The Prison Discipline Society continued unremitting in its benevolent operations, though very much yet remained to be effected in many of the borough gaols and Scotch prisons, which were as yet almost in their original state of melancholy disorganisation.

We cannot here omit an allusion to the labours of SARAH MARTIN in the prison of Yarmouth—a woman, we think, who, considering her opportunities and her station, was not inferior to ELIZABETH FRY. How beautiful to think that love and devotion, self-denial and unshaken perseverance in well-doing,—all that is greatest and best in humanity is of no class or station, or rather of all! For an account of the labours of this really heroic woman, we refer our readers to a sketch of her life, published at Yarmouth in 1844, and to an excellent article on the same in No. 172 of the *Edinburgh Review*, published in April 1847.

The ten years of Mrs. FRY's life, extending from 1831 to 1841 are principally marked by an increasing number of journeys undertaken principally with a view to the promotion of religion and philanthropy. Even when her health was the primary object, she never failed to make the exhibition subservient to these great ends. During this period she visited Ireland again, the Channel Islands twice, and Scotland a like number of times, also performing, in 1838, and again in 1839, a tour in France, and in 1840 another in Germany and the Low Countries, besides sundry shorter trips. Several of her children were married during the course of these years. It is remarkable that so many of Mrs. FRY's children should have forsaken that body of Christians of which their mother was so distinguished an

ornament. This appears to have been a trial to her; but she had too clear a perception of the essentials of true Christianity to view it as of *vital* importance. She thus expresses herself on the occasion of one of her sons sending in his resignation as a member of the Society of Friends:—"Though I certainly have much felt his leaving a society I so dearly love, and the principles of which I so much value, yet no outward names are in reality of much importance in my view; nor do I think very much of membership with any outward body of Christians: my feeling is, that if we are but members of the church of Christ, this is the only membership essential to salvation." Some years later, she remarks upon the same subject:—"With advancing years and increase of experience, I more and more feel myself a member of the church universal, and I am less disposed than ever to any sectarian spirit." The cause of the gradual enlightenment and expansion of Mrs. FRY's mind in connection with Christian liberality is a subject highly worthy of consideration, as the prevalence of an opposite spirit in every sect of the church is attended with evils which can scarcely be exaggerated. There is, in our opinion, *too little intercourse* among the members of different sects. Mrs. FRY, from so many of her father's family and her own children having adopted views entirely at variance with the *sectarian* tenets of Quakerism, as well as from her public benevolent exertions, was necessarily brought much in contact with those of various persuasions. She was thus led to perceive that no sect having made a monopoly of holy living, so could not any lay claim to the exclusive possession of that true faith from which alone good works can spring. Several public societies for religious and benevolent purposes, conducted upon catholic grounds, have done something for the promotion of Christian unity; but much yet remains to be effected. The best method we should think to further this desirable end would be an increased social intercourse among the individual members of different communions. All persons, indeed, have not the candour of ELIZABETH FRY; but there are few whose hearts are not in some measure open to the expression of unaffected good-will and real kindness. Did individuals thus rest, as Mrs. FRY expresses it, "in their Christianity, rather than on their sectarianism," a wider scope would be afforded for the propagation of those virtues exhibited in a peculiar manner by each sect, for, generally speaking, each branch of the universal church develops in a more prominent manner some one feature of Christianity, and, as it were, represents that feature on the great theatre of human life. It is not the diversity of administrations, but the bitterness by which they are animated, that is the bane of the church. These rancorous feelings are however in the first instance, perhaps, rather imaginary than real. Each party, for the most part in perfect ignorance of its opponents, except as such, imagining them to be actuated by angry and hostile motives, thinks, or at least unconsciously feels itself justified in adopting the same, thus making shipwreck of charity, the bond that ought to unite all the good in one body, that they may be thus enabled to overcome the evil that up-rears itself in the world. If, instead of thus turning their forces against each other, and wasting their time in splitting straws, the different sects were cordially to co-operate against their only real enemies, what might not be the results? Would that all thought with Mrs. FRY!

It is well to see the truth through different mediums, for however the colour of the glass that

we see it through may vary, the truth remains the same; and beholding it of many hues may be the means of throwing fresh light on various parts of it. How does the knowledge of others often make us think little of ourselves?

(To be continued.)

The Life of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke: with Selections from his Correspondence, Diaries, Speeches, and Judgments. By GEORGE HARRIS, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. In 3 vols. London, 1848 Moxom.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

THE lawless condition of the country at this time is shewn by the following interesting correspondence:—

The lawless condition of the country at this period, especially of the metropolis, and the extent to which robberies and depredations were carried on, is further shewn by the following correspondence. The first of the letters was addressed to Sir P. Yorke, the Solicitor to the Treasury.

"Monday, Feb. 7, 1725.

"SIR,—When I had the honor to wait on you last Saturday, you were pleased to direct me to give what acco^t I co^d, in writing, of that gang of ruffians who are so notorious for their robberies, and have lately murdered Thos^t Ball, in Southwark, and wounded others. Their numbers daily increase, and are now become so formidable, that constables are intimidated by their threats and desperate behaviour from any endeavour to apprehend them. Others who have often seen them together, and could give an acco^t of several robberies committed by them, cannot be prevailed with to make oath thereof, for fear of being murdered by them.

"I have at several times had most of them in custody, on suspicion of felony, some have been prosecuted, but have been set at liberty thro' the imprudence of some gentlemen in authority, an account of which management I wo^d gladly communicate, if it might be any ways useful towards preventing the like inconveniences for the future.

"Their names (as I am informed by those that have often seen them together) and their descriptions are in y^e enclosed paper. I am, with respects,

"Sir,

"Y^r most ob^t and humble serv^t

"THOS^t JONES."

Among the "names and descriptions" in the paper alluded to is the following:—

"Richard Jones, a tall thin man, dark complexion."

Mr. Jones is further described in the same paper by the unenviable epithet of "reputed thief," and is also accused of keeping "company" of a very doubtful character. The following is his indignant remonstrance against these foul charges:—

"MY LORD,—Having formerly been guilty of faults, many persons would endeavour to wound my present character. This I too tenderly feel, in understanding that I am represented as one of the cruel murderers in a late murder committed last Monday night in y^e Old Mint, Southwark. For me to be charged wo^d be the price of my reputation; but, arm'd with innocence, I desire your Lordship's commands for my appearance, to be cast by my accuser, or cleared by your Lordship. The justice imprisoned in your noble breast will, I hope, influence you to order your hour, when with all ready obedience you'll be waited on by your Lordship's most humble serv^t,

"RICHARD JONES.

"This is the copy of the letter I yesterday sent to Lord Townshend.

"The Hon^{ble} C. Delafaye."

Sir P. Yorke was directed to prepare a proclamation, which he afterwards did, stating that "on Monday y^e 24th of Jan^y betwⁿ the hours of 6 & 7 in the evening, Thomas Ball was barbarously murdered in his own house, in the Mint, in Southwark," by four persons mentioned in the proclamation, and others unknown, who came there armed on purpose to commit the crime, and that information had been received that some of them

had threatened the lives of several peace-officers, in order to deter them from doing their duty, and had appeared publicly in the streets with fire-arms, threatening death to any that should come near them, and that they were also guilty of robberies and other crimes. In order to bring such notorious offenders to condign punishment, His Majesty offered his pardon to any, except the actual murderers, who should bring the offenders to justice, and a reward of forty pounds for each person apprehended. A description of the persons accused of the murder is appended to the proclamation.

One of them is stated to be "above six foot high, black eye-brows, his teeth broke before, hoarse voice, &c." Another is designated by "a large scar under his chin."

The whole country indeed at this period seems to have been in a state of extraordinary disorder and lawlessness. The public journals are full of details of murders and robberies of every interesting variety. Of the latter, depredations on the mails appear to have been very common. One of the papers states—

"There were no Western letters yesterday, the mail being robbed on Monday last between 11 and 12 at night, in the road near Chinock, in the midway between Crewkerne and Sherburn, by one foot-pad, who carried off the bags belonging to all the towns between the Lands End and Yeovil."

Soon after this the unfortunate Western mail was again robbed "by two foot-pads, who tied the post-boy, and carried away the Plymouth and Exeter bags."

Finchley Common, Black Heath, and Bexley Heath were at that time haunted by highwaymen, many of whom were well mounted and armed, and occasionally very well dressed. One of these, who was shot on the spot, while attempting to rob the Canterbury coach on Bexley Heath, turned out to be "a young gentleman belonging to the sea, of good family."

Sometimes armed expeditions went about the country, and attacked the mansions and parks of the gentlemen resident there, and carried off deer and cattle.

The first circuit chosen by Lord HARDWICKE, after his appointment as Chief Justice was the Norfolk, and in his notes of the trials we find the following

CURIOUS CASE.

The case which follows is a singular one, arising out of the superstition so common at that period, being an action for defamation brought by an old woman against a man for calling her a witch. The full particulars of the accusation made by him as set forth in the declaration are recorded by Lord Hardwicke; and the terrors which haunted the mind of the doubly unfortunate defendant are here narrated at large:—

"Norfolk Circuit, Summer, 1734.—Buckingham, July 23, 1734.

Mary Butcher, widow, plt.; Joseph Hadland, def't.

Case for words:—She is a witch, and bewitched my wife, and I will prove it. She is a witch. She came over y^e pond, and over a hedge, her foot light. She is a witch. I hung up a bladder full of water in y^e chimney. Whilst y^e remained there she had no power over my wife. She came down y^e chimney in y^e shape of a bird, and fetched y^e bladder away. There goes y^e old witch. Damn her, I will have y^e blood of her.—Plea, Not Guilty.

Mr. Clarke, pro quer.

Robert Verney.—Knows y^e parties. Abt' my house, heard def't tell a man y^e Mary Butcher is a witch, and bewitch my wife. Said she was a witch. She came over y^e hedge, her foot light, and over y^e pond. Knows y^e words were mentioned of Mary Butcher. She was named in y^e conversation.

Cross exam.—Def't a cooper.

Tho. Butcher.—There goes y^e old witch y^e bewitched my wife. Damn her, I will have y^e blood of her.

Serj^t Urbyn, pro def.

Geo. Fellows.—Heard Rob^t Verney swear at Hadland.

Verdict pro quer. da. 1^r.

At the Norfolk Assizes another interesting trial at Nisi Prius is recorded in his notes.

At the Suffolk Assizes, Lord Chief Justice Hardwicke was again engaged on the Nisi Prius side. And at the Norfolk Assizes also, the Lord Chief Justice sat at Nisi Prius. Politics appear to have run very high in this part of the country, which was that of Sir Robert Walpole. The two cases that follow, arose out of party animosities exhibited at the general election which had lately taken place, and with which the kingdom, in consequence of the strong political feeling which prevailed, had been agitated throughout.

"Norfolk, Aug^t 7, 1734.

Edward Millard, plt.; John Wilmot, def't.

Assault and battery, 24 May, 1734.—Plea—Not Guilty.

Mr. Bedingfield, pro quer.

Henry Jackson.—Was in company at y^e Queen's Head, in Bareham; def't landlord of y^e house; came in to y^e room, and charged plt. with putting up advice to y^e freeholders. Plt. s^d y^e he had a right to pull it down. Def't assaulted plt.; held him by y^e peruke; threw his hand in his face—made his nose and his forehead bleed. No p^rovation.

Mr. Metcalf saw y^e same. No provocation.

Serj^t Urbyn, in mitigation of damages.

Animosities at Elections.

Verd^t—pro quer. da. 1^r.

In the notes of the following case we have a reference to an animated scene which occurred on the entry of the candidates into the town, and a description of the mode in which chastisement was inflicted by authority on a turbulent partisan.

W^m Brown, Esq^r,
"John Darby, plt. { Sam^t Artis, Esq^r, &
Peter Master, def^t

Trespass for an assault, battery, whipping, and false imprisonment of y^e plt.—28 day of Nov^r last—for y^e space of 6 days. Da. 20^r. Plea—Not Guilty.

Mr. Proctor, pro quer.—Brown, Mayor of G^t Yarmouth. Artis, an officer. Master, keeper of y^e bridewell there. 27 Nov^r y^e entry into Yarmouth. 28 Nov^r plt. whipped, and his head put in y^e stocks.

Susan Darby. Mr. Ward took up plt. He was put into bridewell 2 or 3 days after Mr. Walpole went out of town. On Wednesday, in y^e afternoon—he was there 24 hours before she c^d be admitted to him. Rowland, y^e shoemaker, took him up. Def't Brown & Artis, were in y^e bridewell. They bad her be gone. She begged of the Mayor not to whip him. He lay upon a lock of straw—nothing but iron bars. It was cold frosty weather.

Cross exam.—Was with plt. wⁿ he was carried before Mr. Ward. He ordered him to bridewell.

W^m Armiger.—Saw plt. in y^e House of Correction 30 Nov. last. Saw him whipt there. Def't Brown & Artis there. Def't Artis took hold of him, & said "in with him into y^e stocks"—Master put him in—his head & hands were put into y^e stocks—afterwards he was whipt by def't Master. Saw large stripes. Did not observe Mr. Brown, the mayor, do or say any thing. Plt. was whipt severely.

Cross exam.—This y^e usual manner of fastening p^rsns to receive correction. There were a great many gentlemen more in y^e room.

Tho. Southwell.—Mr. Martin gave him 3 lashes, & y^e Mayor called out hold; y^e he gave 3 strokes one by 1. There was no blood came. Artis took hold of him to get him to y^e stocks. He was there 3 hours before plt. was whipt. After he was whipt y^e Mayor made him kneel down upon his knees and ask pardon.

James Teaser.—30th Nov^r. last, was there. His mo^r kneel down to y^e Mayor, and begged him not to whip her son, y^e Mayor answered, begone, we know you, you live in a townhouse. Besides, y^e son has no friend to speak for him, & he shall be whipt for an example to others. Saw him whipt—after y^e 2^d or 3^d lash y^e blood followed

y^e whip. Mr. Artis said, whip him, a dog, whip him. Y^e Mayor & Justices sit there in a room called Justice Hall.

John Scott.—Saw plt. whipt by Mr. Master. Saw 2 lashes; y^e first pretty gentle; y^e 2^d very severe, as if it would cut him asunder. Mr. Artis helped to put him in y^e stocks—S^d whip him. The Mayor, wⁿ he tho^r he had enough, bad him leave off. Plt. was kept in bridewell 3 days after.

Francis Clarke.—Saw plt. whipt. Y^e bridewell man ordered him to assist. The Court gave orders y^e he shd^t be taken out & whipt—y^e Mayor, and Mr. Artis, & some others were sitting in y^e Court. He did not hear any of the y^e Court object ag^t it. Did not see Mr. Artis do any thing to plt.

Cross-exam.—Can't say he heard any particular p^rs give y^e orders.

Robert Douglas.—Y^e first blow a very little one. He thought y^e second w^d have cut him to pieces. Mr. Artis called out, whip him, whip him.

Serj^t Urbyn, pro def.—1. This is a pun^r inflicted by acts of parl^t—idle disorderly p^rs—petty larceny. 2. Nothing extraordinary in y^e manner of doing it. 2 qu^rions. 1. W^r def^ts have done the fact. 2. Supp. they have, w^r justifiable or not. This done in y^e view of y^e Mayor, and some of y^e justices of peace, but no order of y^e Court. He was committed by a p^rer authority, for an offence. Riot on Mr. Coke & Mr. Mordant's coming there; L^d Hobart there—plt. most active in it—threw a stone in to L^d Hobart's coach. Inf^r made. Upon y^e information Mr. Ward committed him, with directions y^e he should receive y^e correction of y^e House. Y^e mayor and justices meet weekly to order correction. This will excuse Mr. Master, y^e Bridewell keeper.

Mr. Lloyd.—Y^e gaoler is not to qu^rion y^e jurisdiction of y^e justices of y^e peace. Y^e action shd^t have been bro^r ag^t Mr. Ward.

Sampson Mead.—Was present at y^e procession in Yarmouth. As they were going by Mr. Fuller's door he saw plt. John Darby, take up a stone and throw it at Lord Hobart's coach; broke y^e side glass, and y^e stone went into y^e chariot. Great tumult and throwing of dirt and stones. Plt. sells fish. His mother lives within y^e Pudding Walls, wⁿch are almshouses.

Cross-exam.—Thinks he set his mark to y^e inf^r 2 or 3 days after y^e riot; believes it was done after Darby was sent to Bridewell. Was before Mr. Ward wⁿ he granted y^e warr^t. That was on y^e day after y^e riot. Did not make any inf^r in writing before Mr. Ward before y^e warr^t granted.

Mr. Thornton.—Saw a great riot. 500 p^rple there. Can't say w^r plt. did any thing.

Mr. Proctor. } Admits y^e riot.
(Repl.) }

Mr. Pilsworth.—Plt. never heard before he was committed. Supp. he had been guilty of a riot; he ought to have been convicted. Verd. pro quer. da. 15^r.

It was in reference to Lord Chief Justice Hardwicke's conduct on this trial, that the celebrated Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, wrote thus to Lord Marchmont, warmly eulogizing the learned judge's independence and impartiality:—

"I had an account lately, which I will write, because I do not think it is printed, that my Lord Chief Justice Hardwicke had got great credit in his circuit to Norwich. There was a Yarmouth man, in the interest of Sir Edmund Bacon, who, upon pretence of a riot at the entry of the courtiers, the Mayor ordered to be whipt. This man brought his action, & my Lord Hardwicke said it was very illegal & arbitrary, & directed the jury to find for him, which they did, & gave damages, tho' the foreman of the jury had married a daughter of Sir Charles Turner, who I take to be a near relation of Sir Robert's. I do not think this made the poor man amends, who was whipt wrongfully; for I would have had those that occasioned the whipping doubly whipt themselves. But I suppose the judge could go no further; and I liked it, because my Lord Hardwicke is a great man; and I hope from this action, as well as from his independency, that he will have some regard to the proceedings in Scotland when represented."

We shall return more than once to these volumes.

Statesmen of the Time of George the Third. By Lord BROUGHAM. In 6 vols. C. Cox.

A RE-ISSUE in a complete form, the six volumes sewn in three, of Lord BROUGHAM's famous *Historical Sketches of the Statesmen who Flourished in the Time of George the Third.* Its title is enough to recommend it to all who can afford the few shillings for which it can here be obtained.

HISTORY.

The Cabinet History of England. By CHARLES MAC FARLANE. Vols. I and II. C. Cox. A RE-ISSUE, in double volumes, of a work which is, in fact, an abbreviation of the admirable *Pictorial History of England*, the best history of England for information which our language can boast. Here is its substance for a few shillings!

SCIENCE.

The Electric Telegraph and the Electric Clock. By PETER PROGRESS. London, 1847. Yorke, Clarke, and Co.

The Locomotive and Atmospheric Railways. By PETER PROGRESS. London, 1848. Yorke, Clarke, and Co.

A BRIEF but explicit and popular description of the two most wonderful inventions of our own or of any age. The writer has presented a brief history of the origin and progress towards perfection of the Telegraph and the Locomotive. He possesses the faculty of making science intelligible to the uninitiated, his manner being singularly explanatory. He describes everything, from the most simple to the most complicated, and aids his narrative by a profusion of woodcuts, which often convey at a glance what would occupy pages of print. These little pamphlets will be found useful aids in education.

Sketches of Geology. London, 1848. Pickering. This new volume of a series so often favourably noticed in these pages, "Small Books on Great Subjects," is devoted to Geology. Of course, within so narrow a compass, it is impossible to do more than trace an outline of the science; but it is done so systematically and so clearly that the reader will find a broad and sure foundation laid for his researches in more extended works as well as for his personal observation of nature. Being in itself but an abstract, we cannot attempt to trace the argument, nor does it offer any passages for extract that would interest apart from their context; but we can heartily recommend it to the student as by far the best introduction to Geology which has come before us since we entered upon our critical labours.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Sarawak; its Inhabitants and Productions: being Notes during a Residence in that Country with H. H. the Rajah Brooke. By HUGH LOW, Colonial Secretary at Labuh-an. London: Bentley.

MR. BROOKE has made Borneo the lion of the day, and already we have a flood of books published and announced in hope to catch the popular gale, and ride into a temporary reputation. We have before noticed Captain BELCHER's interesting voyage; we have now to direct the attention of our readers to a more detailed description of Sarawak, the district of which Mr. BROOKE is the Rajah, where Mr. Low resided nearly three years, following his profession of a naturalist, although we are glad to observe he has received the appointment of colonial secretary at Labuh-an, an island near Borneo, which has been ceded to the English.

A naturalist is always a pleasant tour-writer; his pursuit takes him into places

which the mere traveller seldom visits; he acquires habits of minute observation and careful description, which give value to his narrative. Usually there is a good deal of poetry in him; he has an eye for the picturesque; he notes the minor features of Nature in a strange land, her animal and vegetable productions, her climate and soil and physical advantages. He mingles with the inhabitants more than other adventurers, and learns their manners and customs. Mr. Low is all this: he went about everywhere, and saw everything. He accompanied Rajah BROOKE in many of his excursions, and he kept very full notes of all he saw, so that he has succeeded in producing a volume which is not only from its title sure to be eagerly bought, but from the character of its contents to be read with interest and profit. He has arranged his work with almost scientific precision, treating first of the geography, then of the geology and natural history of the island, and next of the inhabitants—their aspect, dress, customs, laws, and institutions. We will endeavour to extract a few specimens from each of his subjects. We begin with its vegetable products. This is

THE FLORA OF BORNEO.

The flowers of Borneo, and of the Archipelago generally, are not less grateful and beautiful than the forests are grand and majestic. It has been said, perhaps too hastily, that no country in the world produces such ravishing vegetable perfumes as the Malayan Islands; and the well-known and now widely-distributed scents of Kananga (Uvaria), Champaka (Michelia), Melur (Jasminum), and many others, would seem in a great measure to sustain them in this enviable pre-eminence; but though grateful perfumes are in such profusion, the woods also abound in shrubs and flowers which delight the eye and attract the curiosity by their rich and gaudy colours, or their delicate and beautiful forms. As in all tropical countries, the tribe Orchidaceæ is in profusion and beauty; and on the open banks of the rivers, where the sun can shed its vivifying influence upon them, these delightful epiphytes decorate with their fragile but showy forms the otherwise naked and unsightly stumps of decaying forest-trees. The most gaudy are, perhaps, the various species of Cælogyna, called collectively by the natives the "bunga kasih-an," or the flowers of mercy; they are all highly fragrant, and their white and orange-coloured flowers are exceedingly delicate and beautiful. Several Vandas, of which the continent of India has produced so many for the ornament of our gardens, are found here inferior to none of those from India, many of which are, by one gigantic species, far surpassed in beauty. This I have been successful in introducing into England, and Dr. Lindley has done me the honour of naming it after me. One kind of the beautiful genus Cypripedium, or Ladies' Slipper, so named from the curious form of the labellum, far surpasses in beauty any of its tribe from other countries. The Dendrobiums, which in India are so gorgeous, here dwindle, for the most part, into insignificant flowers; while the species of Eria, which are abundant, are so beautiful that, were they once seen, they would probably raise their hitherto despised genus in the estimation of the English cultivator of these beautiful plants. Of the smaller kinds, Cirrhopteron Bolbophyllum, and some other genera, though not showy, are curious, delicate, and beautiful. Several new species and some genera I have had the pleasure of introducing into England. On the banks of the rivers, and growing as underwood in the dense jungles, are found many beautiful species of the genera Ixora and Pavetta, the former with large bunches of flowers of every shade, from orange to crimson, the latter with tufts of pure and delicate white blossoms; other genera of the order Rubiaceæ abound, and are amongst the most beautiful wild plants: many of these are fragrant.

Perhaps the most gorgeous of the native plants

are the various species of the genus Rhododendron, which here assume a peculiar form, being found epiphytic upon the trunks of trees, as in the genera of the tribe Orchidaceæ. This habit, induced probably by the excessive moisture of the climate, is not, however, confined to the Ericaceous plants, but also prevails with the genera Fagraea, Combretum, and many others, usually terrestrial; the roots of the Rhododendrons, instead of being, as with the species, inhabitants of cold climates, small and fibrous, become large and fleshy, winding round the trunks of the forest-trees; the most beautiful one is that which I have named in compliment to Mr. Brooke. Its large heads of flowers are produced in the greatest abundance throughout the year; they much exceed in size that of any known species, frequently being formed of eighteen flowers, which are of all shades, from pale and rich yellow to a rich reddish salmon colour: in the sun the flowers sparkle with a brilliancy resembling that of gold dust. Four other species which I discovered are very gorgeous, but of different colours, one being crimson, and another red, and the third a rich tint between these two; of the fourth I have not yet seen the flowers. Besides the curious nature of the root above noticed, botanists may learn that these species differ from others of the genus, in having very small, almost imperceptible, calyces and caudal appendages to the seeds,—these last greatly facilitating the attainment of a situation favourable for their growth. Four species of the Clerodendron also adorn the banks of the Sarawak river, two of them bearing white, one scarlet, and one crimson flowers: one of the white ones emits a grateful perfume. The Clerodendron which bears the crimson flowers is the most handsome of them all; it grows to a shrub of ten feet in height, having at the point of every branch a large loose spike of rich crimson flowers: the head of the flowers is frequently three feet in height from the foliage—rarely less than two—forming with the bracts and stems, which are equally crimson, a magnificent pyramid of flowers, each being relieved by a beautifully white centre, and the long protruding stamens: the foliage is also fine, being heart-shaped, very large, and dense. This fine species, which is now growing in England, I have named after Captain C. Drinkwater Bethune, R.N., C.B. whose kindness in Borneo was of the greatest assistance to me, and who, on his return, was successful in introducing some of the finest of the Borneo plants.

When the Clerodendron has ceased flowering, the crimson bracts and calyx which remain are scarcely less gaudy than the flowers, and each calyx contains within it a four-seeded berry of the richest blue colour. Scitaminae, an order not much cultivated in England, produces some beautiful plants here of the genus Alpinia, and others. A fine white-fringed flowered Bignonia is beautiful and fragrant shrub. An Echites, which produces its handsome blossoms abundantly in April and May, grows also on the banks of the rivers; it emits a delightful perfume. The beautiful Melastomas grow everywhere in open places, and their soft and pulpy fruit furnishes a never-failing supply of food to pigeons of every colour. Of climbing-plants, a new and undescribed species of Bauhinia is the most showy, covering the trees in December with its large bunches of gaudy crimson blossoms. The Hoya imperialis is highly beautiful, its large and rich purple flowers being relieved by the white, ivory-like centre: it is epiphytic. On trees near the river various kinds of beautiful Combretums may be added to these; and Cyrtandraceæ produces species of Lysinotus and Aechynanthus, which yield to none in beauty: that which bears the name of the Earl of Auckland (Lysinotus Aucklandii) far surpasses any others yet known in the size and richness of colouring of the flowers, which are produced in bunches frequently containing twenty-four corollas; it is distinguished from others by its undulate and verticillate leaves, and the woody nature of the stems, which render it more a shrub than others of its genus. On the mountains are found plants altogether different from these; there the genus Dacrydium, and others, of the order Taxaceæ, resemble the cypresses and firs of our northern clime. Herbaceous plants of great beauty are also found on the exposed and damp

rocks, while in mossy places the beautiful golden-leaved *Anectocheilus*, and a new and more beautiful species, flourish. But of all those above mentioned, though they excel in beauty, none so much attract our curiosity as the various and beautiful pitcher-plants, eight different species of which I discovered in the western part of the island.

The pitchers, which, in some instances, would contain upwards of a pint of water, hang from the mid-rib of the leaf of which they are a formation: they precisely resemble pitchers, being furnished also with a lid. The *Nepenthes Rafflesiana* produces its pitchers singly: they are large and generally crimson; it grows on rocky islands in the neighbourhood of Singapore, and it is easily distinguished from its near ally the native of Borneo and Mount Ophir by its inferior size, shortness of the column which supports the lid, the white and powdered appearance of its stems, and its bushy habit, never exceeding four or five feet in height, while the largest Bornean one, which I propose to call *Nepenthes Hookeriana*, in honour of Sir W. J. Hooker, the able director of the botanic gardens at Kew, is found growing in deep and shaded jungles, climbing to the tops of the trees. The pitcher is nine inches in length, having a large lid standing on a column, which is a continuation of the beautiful edge of the pitcher: that part which is broadest and turned towards the mid-rib of the leaf from which it depends, is furnished with two broad wings, which are beautifully ciliated with large cilia. The broad pitcher—for this, like the *Rafflesiana*, produces two kinds—is generally crimson: the long pitcher differs from the other in its trumpet shape and green colour, which is spotted with crimson. The flower I have not seen, but the leaves, which are moderately large and broad—at least those of them which produce the broad pitcher, and which are found near the base of the plant—are dark green above, and of a fine peach-coloured red beneath. Six plants of this kind are now in England, but have not yet produced their pitchers.

What a picture is this of

BORNESE SPIDERS.

The spiders, so disgusting in appearance in many other countries, are here of quite a different nature, and are the most beautiful of the insect tribe. They have a skin of a shell-like texture, furnished with curious processes, in some long, in others short, in some few, in others numerous; but are found of this description only in thick woods and shaded places: their colours are of every hue, brilliant and metallic as the feathers of the humming-bird, but are, unlike the bright colours of the beetle, totally dependent on the life of the insect which they beautify; so that it is impossible to preserve them.

The inhabitants adopt a practice which prevails also along the southern coasts of America of

FISHING WITH NARCOTICS.

A practice of fishing, used by the Dyaks of all descriptions, and which has been observed also of the natives of South America, with whom these people have many things in common, deserves particular notice. It is called fishing with the tuba, and is thus carried on: large quantities of the tuba being collected, which is the root of a climbing plant (*Menispermum*), though the same effect is produced by the fruit of a tree grown extensively for that purpose, the tribe intending to fish proceed in their boats to the mouth of a small river, or creek, which has a bar of sand at its entrance, so that, at low water, it has little or no communication with the sea; and having distributed the bundles of tuba in equal proportions to all the boats present, the persons in them proceed to beat up the roots on the thwarts of the canoes, frequently pouring water on them, until the whole of the narcotic principle is extracted and collected in the bottom of the boat, in the water which, during the process of beating, has been poured over the roots, and which has now become of a white milky colour. At low water, and at a signal given by the chief, all the boats simultaneously commence baling out the water charged with narcotic into the river, and this, spreading through the waters in every way,

stupefies the fish. The smaller ones, being most readily affected, first float upon the surface, and are taken with the light and sharp-pointed spears of the Dyaks. Soon the larger ones, beginning to feel its influence, also come to the top; then it is that the best of the sport commences: fishes of the largest size, together with small alligators, appear for an instant struggling to free themselves from the lethargy occasioned by the infected waters. The Dyaks, who are ever on the alert, paddle instantly towards them, and three or four of the barbed spears are immediately thrust into their scaly bodies by the different boats, which arrive together at the scene of their struggles: occasionally a large fish, in his dying agony, is too powerful for his assailants, one or two of whom are sometimes dragged into the water, where, if the place be shallow, they dispatch their prey with their parangs or knives. Many other ludicrous accidents occur, which, when large crowds are assembled (as is the case when the tuba is collected at the expense of and for the amusement of the Europeans, and on which occasions the whole country is invited to be present, and those who wish to share in the sport), afford merriment to those who are merely spectators. From the first appearance of the fish the sport lasts about two hours, when the influx of water from the rising tide dissipates the narcotic, and such fish as remain recover from its effects. Other kinds of fishing are not much practised by the Dyaks, who trust almost solely to the Malays for their supply.

Very idle lives are represented to be those of

THE LADIES OF BORNEO.

It is difficult to conceive how the women of the upper class pass their time confined in the harems of the great: the apartments allotted to them are small and dark, and each wife or concubine has a number of slaves of her own, with whom the other wives do not interfere: their cookery, and all their proceedings, appear to be carried on entirely independent of each other. The indolent enervated persons who now form the principal part of the nobles of Bruni and Sambas confine themselves to the apartments of the women during the whole of the day,—what little business they transact being done about ten or eleven at night, which is to them what the day is to other people. They are fond of playing at chess; and those of them who are industrious, as were several of the murdered pangerans, employed themselves in the manufacture of kries, and the carving and polishing of their beautiful sheaths and handles: in this work they excelled all their subjects. The education of the existing nobles of Bruni has been much neglected; and the greater part of the young nobles, with the Sultan at their head, can neither read nor write. Of such a state of things the middle classes of Sarawak would, as has been already observed, be ashamed.

This is

THE WAR-DRESS OF THE DYAKS.

In war, the dress of the men differs much from the Dyaks of other denominations. The jackets they wear on these occasions are made of the skins of beasts; those of the panther and the bear are the most esteemed, but those of goats and dogs are sometimes substituted in a scarcity of the others. The jacket is formed by a hole being cut in the skin, at about the neck of the animal, through which the head of the warrior is thrust, the skin of the head of the animal hanging down over his breast, ornamented with little shells, placed over one another, like scales, and to the end of which a large mother-of-pearl shell is attached, which reaches to the middle. The broad part of the skin forms the back part of the jacket, the edges of which are bound with wide strips of red cloth. Bunches of feathers of the rhinoceros hornbill, which seems to be the war-bird of all their tribes, depend from little strings of beads, fastened to the skin, and dangle in the breeze as they move about. Strings, fixed in the inside of the skin, and long enough to tie round the body, protect the dress from being inconveniently blown about, as, were it loose, it would be. Their head-dresses in war are

also peculiar to these people, and unknown to the other inhabitants of the island: they are of various descriptions, but the favourite ones are caps made in the fashion of a man's face caricatured, and those which represent the faces of animals. The caps, which represent monstrous masks, or faces, are formed of a framework of rattan, covered with bear's skin, or the skin of some other animal. Two round pieces of bone are tied by a string, which runs through them, for eyes; and a triangular piece serves for the nose. The mouth is formed of very small cowrie shells, to resemble the teeth; and two of the large canine teeth of the panther or bear are fastened as tusks to its extremities. The top is surmounted with the tail feathers of the domestic cock on each side, and at the back by the barred tail feathers of the great rhinoceros hornbill, or of the argus pheasant.

And this is

THE DYAK DART.

The darts, which are very thin, and about ten inches in length, are pointed with the sharp teeth of fish neatly bound on to them. The case which contains the darts is supported by the sword-belt, and is made of a bamboo joint, the lid of it being of the same material, and fitting nicely. It contains many charms, consisting of stones and bezoars, which are abundant in their country, and which are said to be taken from the heads of monkeys. The arrows, which are ready prepared for use, are kept separate from the others, a sack of monkey's skin being carried in the case for their points, as by the friction on the hard bamboo, these would be otherwise injured. A Meri man, in my employ, was very expert with the sumpit-an, and, at the distance of from fifteen to twenty yards, could readily transfix a bird of the size of a starling with one of the little darts. The whole distance to which the arrow can be blown with anything like effect is sixty yards, and at that distance they would probably not pierce the skin. The sumpit-an varies in length, being from seven to ten feet. It is used also by the Mui people, the Benkatan, and the Tatows, and by all the tribes of the east coast. The Idaan, or Meroots, are said by Forrest also to possess it. I have seen specimens from the river Essequibo, in South America, where they were collected by my friend, Mr. Henchman, which precisely resembled those of the Dyaks in appearance and size, but were without the sight and the spear to the end. The darts used were also similar, but poisoned with the urali instead of the upas.

The people of Sarawak have made some progress in civilisation. Mr. Low's account of them is very promising, and affords great hope that under Mr. BROOKE's government they will become important allies.

THE PEOPLE OF SARAWAK.

The people of Sarawak, and the west coast generally, possess none of the disgusting and cringing servility of the natives of continental India; but their manners are distinguished for their politeness and freedom. The peasantry of Europe would lose much by comparison on this head with the poorest of the Malays, whose manners are rendered attractive by a natural courtesy quite unknown to the lower orders of Europeans: excepting in places where their intercourse with foreigners has corrupted them, as in Bruni and Sambas, an impudent person is unknown. Europeans visiting these countries are frequently astonished at the elegant manners and dignified bearing of the higher classes of Malays. The late lamented Pangeran Bed-er-din displayed an air and carriage which would have adorned an European prince; and the gentlemen who had opportunities of seeing him, delight in recounting anecdotes of the high generosity and considerate feeling which occurred in their intercourse with him. From what has been said of the character of the people of Sarawak and the west coast of Borneo generally, with the exception of those in the immediate vicinity, and under the influence of the debauched natives of the capital, it will be easily seen how susceptible their condition is of improvement, and with what facility they may be brought to become useful members of society

under the influence of a good government. The reader will also notice, that the terms of treacherous and other equally abusive epithets, are no more applicable to them than we may suppose they would be to European nations in circumstances when, reduced by oppression, they could not revenge themselves by open and honest means. Though the natives of Sarawak are quiet, and accordingly easily governed, it is not to be supposed that on this account they will long endure oppression without complaint, or that they will allow themselves to be entirely trodden down without resistance. The history of the settlement proves the contrary, and the tyrannical sereis and pangerans, who formerly governed the country, now perhaps regret the measures they pursued, and envy the prosperity of the settlement, which they had well nigh ruined by the civil wars their extortions occasioned. At the present time Sarawak presents the rare prospect of a government, the people living under which are prosperous, contented, and happy; and when the state in which it was found by its rajah nine years ago is considered, the English nation may well admire the energy and enterprise of Mr. Brooke. Many schools are established in Sarawak for the education of the children, as the neglect of providing instruction for those of the better classes reflects disgrace upon the parents. The sons only are educated in these establishments, which are generally kept by priests; their course of instruction comprises the reading and writing of their own language, the reading of the Koran in Arabic, and the repetitions of the various forms of prayer enjoined by the Mahomedan religion. The children are not supposed to understand a single word of the book, nor could their teachers translate it; and as it cannot be translated into any language and remain pure, according to the instructions of the prophet, the forms of the religion are preserved by the oral precepts of the hadjis who have visited the Holy City. The children in the schools are only taught to give it in reading the proper intonation, and to repeat its precepts in the singing chanting method supposed to be practised in the temple of Mecca. The great use of their learning to read the Koran at all is, that by using a chapter of it they pretend to be able to drive away the spirit which is supposed to possess an insane person, or one in a fit. The different periods of the progress of the son's advancement in educational knowledge afford the parents an opportunity of giving feasts to their relations, when the son is examined by the master in the presence of his family and connections, who in consideration of the liberal and expensive feast usually provided for them, congratulate the father on the splendid talents of the son: at these entertainments the principal part of the feast consists of rice, fish, and fowls. The rice is brought up in large dishes, some of which contain the grain coloured, and disposed in fanciful combinations. The dishes are also garnished with sweet-scented flowers. The fish and fowls were curried with vegetables, and in the number of different flavours given to these two articles consists the principal secret of their cookery. They have so many of them, some of which are only to be distinguished by the nicest palate, that I cannot give their numbers, nor is it probable that they themselves know. The Malayan curries, when made by the natives, have a flavour which is frequently preferred to those made by the natives of Madras, into the composition of which, I believe, the cocoanut, so liberally employed by the Malays, does not enter.

Among the valuable products of Borneo is

GOLD.

The gold is found in three situations: in crevices of limestone rocks, in alluvial soil, and in the sand and gravel of the rivers; it is found chiefly on the western and southern portions of the island, but is not obtained in any quantities to the northward. In Sarawak, Sambas, Sangow, and Banjar, it appears most to abound. In Sarawak, it is found in all parts of the country on the right-hand or western branch of the river, beyond the influence of the tides; it is found also in the southern branch, but in less considerable quantities. In the crevices of the limestone above men-

tioned it is worked by Malays. Last year I accompanied Mr. Brooke on a visit to the rocks. The place they were then working was about four miles inland from the river, and about that distance from Seniawan and Tundong. This place was called Battu Kaladi, and was a limestone hill about 200 feet in height, the surface of which was worn, like all the limestone rocks of the country, apparently by water, into ridges so sharp that it would have been exceedingly dangerous to have fallen upon them. Amongst these ridges were holes, very small, continuations of which penetrated into the heart of the mountain, some of them being forty or more feet in depth. The only difficulty appeared to be in the labour of making the aperture sufficiently large to admit the miner: but this accomplished, on his descent he found the bottom, which invariably opened to a cave, covered with earth of a loamy nature. This, on being brought to the surface in baskets, was washed, and we were told produced a bengkal of gold, about one and three-quarters of an ounce, from each bushel of earth; from six to ten or twelve bushels being found in each cave, according to its size. It was accordingly a very gainful speculation, and the working of it was carried on by all the idle and poorer classes of the community of Sarawak,—so much so, that it was difficult to hire men for ordinary work. Gamblers repaired to this employment, and a few weeks' exertion soon repaired their ruined fortunes; so that, by supplying them with funds to encourage them in this vice, it is perhaps no advantage to the settlement. The Chinese, who were not permitted by the Malays to work in the rock, were quietly trenching the earth at the foot of the hill, which they had long worked for the same purpose, and with more certainty of profit, as it is not always that the caves, after the labour expended in getting into them, are found to produce the coveted metal. How the gold should be discovered in these fissures at all is very remarkable, and perhaps may afford a curious fact for the study of geologists and mineralogists: it cannot have descended from any place higher, as the caves are found on the highest as well as on the lowest parts of the surface of the flat-topped hill; nor, after repeated examinations of the limestone, is the slightest trace of the metal discoverable in it: the surface of the rock is but scantily furnished with earth, and that is of a vegetable nature. It is true that the whole of the soil of the surrounding district is alluvial, and strongly impregnated with gold, but not to nearly so great an extent as that found in the fissures above described; hence the soil in these differs in the relative quantities it contains. The golden shower into which Jupiter is fabled to have transformed himself appears to have fallen here.

With this extract we part from a most agreeable companion, wishing him health to make equally good use of his time, and hoping often again to profit by his explorations of countries which will grow more important to us every year, and whose ultimate destinies it would be difficult to anticipate.

Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains. Part II. Murray.

THE very great amusement which our readers derived from our copious notice of the first part of these interesting adventures, induces us to open the second part with intent to make an equally attractive gathering. The author's story and style have been already fully described, and therefore we do not delay for another moment to follow him in his strange route. Almost as we open we find an anecdote of

TURKEY-SHOOTING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

I was that day hunting in company with a French Canadian and an American, both trappers and old mountain-men, when, at sundown, just as we had built a fire and were cooking our suppers under some trees near the river, we heard the gobble-gobble of an old turkey-cock, as he called his flock to roost. Lying motionless on the ground,

we watched the whole flock, one after another, fly up to the trees over our heads, to the number of upwards of thirty. There was still light enough to shoot, and the whole flock was within reach of our rifles, but, as we judged that we could not hope for more than one shot apiece, which would only give three birds, we agreed to wait until the moon rose, when we might bag the whole family. Hardly daring to move, we remained quiet for several hours, as the moon rose late, consoling ourselves with our anticipations of a triumphal entry into camp, on the morrow, with twenty or thirty fine turkeys for a Christmas feast. At length the moon rose, but unfortunately clouded; nevertheless we thought there was sufficient light for our purpose, and, rifle in hand, approached the trees where the unconscious birds were roosting. Creeping close along the ground, we stopped under the first tree we came to, and, looking up, on one of the topmost naked limbs was a round black object. The *pas* was given to me, and, raising my rifle, I endeavoured to obtain a sight, but the light was too obscure to draw "a bead," although there appeared no difficulty in getting a level. I fired, expecting to hear the crash of the falling bird follow the report, but the black object on the tree never moved. My companions chuckled, and I fired my second barrel with similar result, the bird still remaining perfectly quiet. The Canadian then stepped forth, and, taking a deliberate aim, bang he went. "Sacré enfant de Garee!" he exclaimed, finding he, too, had missed the bird; "I aim straight, mais light très bad, sacré!" Bang went the other's rifle, and bang-bang went my two barrels immediately after, cutting the branch in two on which the bird was sitting, who, thinking this a hint to be off, and that he had sufficiently amused us, flew screaming away. The same compliments were paid to every individual, one bird standing nine shots before it flew off; and, to end the story, we fired away every ball in our pouches without as much as touching a feather; the fact of the matter being, that the light was not sufficient to see an object through the fine sight of the rifles.

Here is

A HUT SCENE.

After supper the women of the family spread the floor with blankets, and every one, myself included, cigar in mouth, lay down—to the number of fifteen—in a space of less than that number of square feet; men, women, and children, all smoking and chattering. Just over my head were roosting several fowls; and one venerable cock every five minutes saluted us with a shrill crow, to the infinite satisfaction of the old Indian, who at every fresh one exclaimed, "Ay, como canta mi gallo, tan claro!"—how clear sings my cock, the fine fellow! "Valgame Dios! que paxarito tan hermoso!"—what a lovely little bird is this!

An accident compelled him to put up for some days at

A HUNTER'S ESTABLISHMENT.

The fare in Laforey's house was what might be expected in a hunter's establishment: venison, antelope, and the meat of the carnero cimarron, the Rocky Mountain sheep, furnished his larder; and such meat (poor and tough at this season of the year), with cakes of Indian meal, either tortillas or gorditas, furnished the daily bill of fare. The absence of coffee he made the theme of regret at every meal, bewailing his misfortune in not having at that particular moment a supply of this article, which he never before was without, and which I may here observe, amongst the hunters and trappers when in camp or rendezvous, is considered as an indispensable necessary. Coffee, being very cheap in the States, is the universal beverage of the western people, and finds its way to the mountains in the packs of the Indian traders, who retail it to the mountain-men at the moderate price of from two to six dollars the half-pint cup. However, my friend Laforey was never known to possess any, and his lamentations were only intended to soften my heart, as he thought (erroneously) that I must certainly carry a supply with me. "Sacré enfant de Garee," he would exclaim, mixing English,

French, and Spanish into a puchero-like jumble, "voiez-vous dat I vas nevare tan pauvre as dis time; mais before I vas siempre avec plenty café, plenty sucre; mais now, God dam, I no go à Santa Fé, God dam, and mountain-men dey come aqui from autre côté, drink all my café. Sacré enfant de Gárce, nevare I vas tan pauvre as dis time, God dam. I not care comer meat, ni frijole, ni corn, mais widout café I no live. I hunt may be two, three day, may be one week, mais I eat notin; mais sin café, enfant de Gárce, I no live, parceque me not sacré Espagnol, mais one Frenchman."

Now for another

HUNTING ADVENTURE BY THE RED RIVER.

Such was the state of congelation I was in on this day, that even the shot-tempting antelope bounded past uncatheted. My hands, with fingers of stone, refused even to hold the reins of my horse, who travelled as he pleased, sometimes sluing round his stern to the wind, which was "dead ahead." Mattias, the half-breed who was my guide, enveloped from head to foot in blanket, occasionally cast a longing glance from out its folds at the provoking venison as it galloped past, muttering at intervals, "Jesus, Jesus, que carne!"—what meat we're losing! At length, as a band of some three thousand almost ran over us, human nature, although at freezing-point, could no longer stand it. I jumped off Panchito, and, kneeling down, sent a ball from my rifle right into the "thick" of the band. At the report two antelopes sprang into the air, their forms being distinct against the horizon above the backs of the rest; and when the herd had passed, they were lying kicking in the dust, one shot in the neck, through which the ball had passed into the body of another. We packed a mule with the choice pieces of the meat, which was a great addition to our slender stock of dried provisions. As I was "butchering" the antelope, half a dozen wolves hung round the spot, attracted by the smell of blood; they were so tame, and hungry at the same time, that I thought they would actually have torn the meat from under my knife. Two of them loped round and round, gradually decreasing their distance, occasionally squatting on their haunches, and licking their impatient lips in anxious expectation of a coming feast. I threw a large piece of meat towards them, when the whole gang jumped upon it, fighting and growling, and tearing each other in the furious *mélée*. I am sure I might have approached near enough to have seized one by the tail, so entirely regardless of my vicinity did they appear. They were doubtless rendered more ravenous than usual by the uncommon severity of the weather, and, from the fact of the antelope congregating in large bands, were unable to prey upon these animals, which are their favourite food.

Our traveller adds some

ANECDOTES OF WOLVES.

The sagacity of wolves is almost incredible. They will remain round a hunting-camp, and follow the hunters the whole day, in bands of three and four, at less than a hundred yards' distance, stopping when they stop, and sitting down quietly when game is killed, rushing to devour the offal when the hunter retires, and then following until another feed is offered them. If a deer or antelope is wounded, they immediately pursue it, and not unfrequently pull the animal down in time for the hunter to come up and secure it from their ravenous clutches. However, they appear to know at once the nature of the wound, for if but slightly touched they never exert themselves to follow a deer, chasing those only which have received a mortal blow. I one day killed an old buck, which was so poor that I left the carcase on the ground untouched. Six coyotes, or small prairie wolves, were my attendants that day, and of course, before I had left the deer twenty paces, had commenced their work of destruction. Certainly not ten minutes after I looked back and saw the same six loping after me, one of them not twenty yards behind me, with his nose and face all besmeared with blood, and his belly swelled almost to bursting. Thinking it scarcely possible that they could have devoured the whole deer in so short a

space, I had the curiosity to return, and, to my astonishment, found actually nothing left but a pile of bones and hair, the flesh being stripped from them as clean as if scraped with a knife. Half an hour after I killed a large black-tail deer, and, as it was also in miserable condition, I took merely the fleeces (as the meat on the back and ribs is called), leaving four-fifths of the animal untouched. I then retired a short distance, and, sitting down on a rock, lighted my pipe, and watched the operations of the wolves. They sat perfectly still until I had withdrawn some three-score yards, when they scampered, with a flourish of their tails, straight to the deer. Then commenced such a tugging and snarling and biting, all squeaking and swallowing at the same moment. A skirmish of tails and flying hair was seen for five minutes, when the last of them, with slouching tail and evidently ashamed of himself, withdrew, and nothing remained on the ground but a well-picked skeleton. By sunset, when I returned to camp, they had swallowed as much as three entire deer.

How graphic is the description of

A NIGHT-STORM IN THE PRAIRIE.

The black threatening clouds seemed gradually to descend until they kissed the earth, and already the distant mountains were hidden to their very bases. A hollow murmuring swept through the bottom, but as yet not a branch was stirred by the wind; and the huge cottonwoods, with their leafless limbs, loomed like a line of ghosts through the heavy gloom. Knowing but too well what was coming, I turned my animals towards the timber, which was about two miles distant. With pointed ears, and actually trembling with fright, they were as eager as myself to reach the shelter; but, before we had proceeded a third of the distance, with a deafening roar the tempest broke upon us. The clouds opened and drove right in our faces a storm of freezing sleet, which froze upon us as it fell. The first squall of wind carried away my cap, and the enormous hailstones, beating on my unprotected head and face, almost stunned me. In an instant my hunting-shirt was soaked, and as instantly frozen hard; and my horse was a mass of icicles. Jumping off my mule—for to ride was impossible—I tore off the saddle-blanket and covered my head. The animals, blinded with the sleet, and their eyes actually coated with ice, turned their sterns to the storm, and, blown before it, made for the open prairie. All my exertions to drive them to the shelter of the timber were useless. It was impossible to face the hurricane, which now brought with it clouds of driving snow; and perfect darkness soon set in. Still the animals kept on, and I determined not to leave them, following, or rather being blown, after them. My blanket, frozen stiff like a board, required all the strength of my numbed fingers to prevent it being blown away, and, although it was no protection against the intense cold, I knew it would in some degree shelter me at night from the snow. In half an hour the ground was covered on the bare prairie to the depth of two feet, and through this I floundered for a long time before the animals stopped. The prairie was as bare as a lake; but one little tuft of grease-wood bushes presented itself, and here, turning from the storm, they suddenly stopped and remained perfectly still. In vain I again attempted to turn them towards the direction of the timber; huddled together, they would not move an inch; and, exhausted myself, and seeing nothing before me, but, as I thought, certain death, I sank down immediately behind them, and covering my head with the blanket, crouched like a ball in the snow. I would have started myself for the timber, but it was pitchy dark, the wind drove clouds of frozen snow in my face, and the animals had so turned about in the prairie that it was impossible to know the direction to take; and although I had a compass with me, my hands were so frozen that I was perfectly unable, after repeated attempts, to unscrew the box and consult it. Even had I reached the timber, my situation would have been scarcely improved, for the trees were scattered wide about over a narrow space, and, consequently, afforded but little shelter; and even if I had suc-

ceeded in getting firewood—by no means an easy matter at any time, and still more difficult now that the ground was covered with three feet of snow—I was utterly unable to use my flint and steel to procure a light, since my fingers were like pieces of stone, and entirely without feeling. The way the wind roared over the prairie that night—how the snow drove before it, covering me and the poor animals partly—and how I lay there, feeling the very blood freezing in my veins, and my bones petrifying with the icy blasts which seemed to penetrate me—how for hours I remained with my head on my knees, and the snow pressing it down like a weight of lead, expecting every instant to drop into a sleep from which I knew it was impossible I should ever awake—how every now and then the mules would groan aloud and fall down upon the snow, and then again struggle on their legs—how all night long the piercing howl of wolves was borne upon the wind, which never for an instant abated its violence during the night—I would not attempt to describe. I have passed many nights alone in the wilderness, and in a solitary camp have listened to the roarings of the wind and the howling of wolves, and felt the rain or snow beating upon me with perfect unconcern; but this night threw all my former experiences into the shade, and is marked with the blackest of stones in the memoranda of my journeyings.

We must return for another gathering from these most attractive pages.

Portugal and Galicia, with a Review of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces. By the Earl of CARNARVON, London, 1848. Murray.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

INCIDENTALLY Lord CARNARVON gives a vivid description of a scene which he once witnessed on the western coast of Africa.

A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS.

Travelling along the western coast of Africa, I once beheld this terrible infliction. These creatures fell in thousands and tens of thousands around us and upon us, on the sands along which we were riding, and on the sea that was beating at our feet; yet we were removed from their most oppressive influence, for a few hundred yards to our right, darkening the air, the great innumerable host came on, slowly and steadily, advancing in a direct line, and in a mighty moving column. The fall of locusts from this central column was so great, that when a cow, directly under the line of flight, attempting ineffectually to graze in the field, approached her mouth to the grass, there rose immediately so dense a swarm that her head was for the moment almost concealed from sight; and as she moved along, bewildered by this worse than Egyptian plague, clouds of locusts rose up under her feet, visible even at a distance, as clouds of dust when set in motion by the wind on a stormy day. At the extremity of the field I saw the husbandmen bending over their staffs, and gazing with hopeless eyes upon that host of death, which swept like a destroying angel over the land, and consigned to ruin all the prospects of the year; for wherever that column winged its flight, beneath its withering influence the golden glories of the harvest perished, and the leafy honours of the forest disappeared. There stood those ruined men, silent and motionless, overwhelmed with the magnitude of their calamity, yet conscious of their utter inability to control it; while farther on, where some woodland lay in the immediate line of the advancing column, heath set on fire, and trees kindling into a blaze, testified the general horror of a visitation which the ill-fated inhabitants endeavoured to avert by such a frightful remedy. They believed that the smoke arising from the burning forest, and ascending into the air, would impede the direct march of the column, throw it into confusion, drive the locusts out to sea, and thus deliver the country from their desolating presence.

A visit to a Moorish fort on the banks of

the Douro introduces an account of a Moorish superstition:—

THE ENCHANTED MOORESS.

The peasantry believe that, although the Moorish race is extinct, the Moorish power has not altogether ceased; for that here, and in almost every tower where the Saracens once ruled with feudal sway, an enchanted Mooreess still haunts the spot, and hovers round the undiscovered treasures of the castle. Last relic and representative of a departed people, and, since the dreary day of their expulsion, sole guardian of their buried wealth, she stands a link between the living and the dead; and, superior to mortal destiny, defies alike the lapse of ages and the stroke of death. Though bound by some mysterious tie to a heathen and once hostile race, there is no fierceness in her mood of mind; there is no terror in her look; for when, at the earliest dawn of day, the light dew spangles the mountain and the rock, and again when the setting sun sheds its last melancholy glories on the Mooree untenant abode, she is seen clad in the flowing garments of her race, leaning against some broken arch, some ruined monument of national glory, as one who mourns but seeks not to avenge. She shuns the glare of day, but does not fly from those who court her: sometimes she weaves her spells around a favoured individual and shields him from mischance, and yields him portion of her buried gold. It is no sin to seek a Moira; and in return for her imagined kindness and protecting care, and as if in sorrow for their fathers' cruel injuries against her Moorish ancestors, the peasantry atone for past misdeeds by present love. The wild beauty of the ruin was perhaps enhanced by this sad but pleasing legend. And now emerging from the defile, the river again expanded, and we passed through a succession of gentler scenes, their natural beauty heightened by the tints of the setting sun, and, still later, by the soft full light of the moon.

Very picturesque is

THE DANCE OF THE MINHO.

Towards the close of day, even in the autumn months, the ladies sit in their ornamental balconies, listening to the never-ceasing sound of song issuing from the streets below, or gazing upon those dramatic dances in which the imaginative character of this interesting people is so peculiarly developed. In this kind of dance a story, with its regular sequence of events, is represented in dumb show. For instance, a swain approaches the maid of his choice; he first hints the secret of his heart, but gradually grows bolder as she appears to turn no inattentive ear to his pleading; he urges her too strongly; he offends; she waves him from her; he retreats—despairs—grows haughty; love, however, prevails over pride—he implores forgiveness—he is forgiven, and pride, anger, and distrust give way before the returning beams of true affection, as icicles beneath the morning sun. During this delineation of varying passions and events not a word is spoken, but every change of situation, every fluctuation of feeling, is represented by the looks and gestures of the dancers. When I remembered that the actors in the scene were but the peasants of the soil, I scarcely knew which to marvel at the most, the refined nature of the sentiments described, or the extraordinary power possessed by persons in their rank of life of giving correct expression to those feelings. As certain features of the face are said to accompany certain qualities of the mind, so, in this favoured land, there is a grace of manner almost invariably associated with a grace of mind, not the result of art or education; but sometimes as apparent in the lowest hind as in the highest noble in the land.

The effect of priestly influence upon the characters of the women of Spain is thus noticed by Lord CARNARVON:—

PRIESTS AND WOMEN.

When the devotional feeling is strongly impressed on the mind of a fair Spaniard, it supersedes every other, even the deep-rooted passion of love; but this excess of zeal is chiefly found in the remote

provinces. Under the influence of this engrossing passion, the character of the Spanish woman becomes altogether changed. If once persuaded that the man she loves is conspiring against the church, every avenue to her heart, that well of deep and inexhaustible feeling, is closed at once against him; an unworthy system of deception, the offspring of a false but not of a debased principle, is substituted for her former sincerity; she believes that her own, that his salvation, that the immortal weal of thousands whom his machinations may endanger, imperiously require her to sacrifice every personal feeling, to dive into his inmost thoughts for the purpose of betraying them, and to treasure up, and afterwards reveal, every careless word breathed in the hours of dalliance, or dropped in the unguarded moment of powerful emotion. During the civil war there were instances of women, misled by their frenzied attachment to the church, who actually received their unwary admirers in the warm embrace of love, and even in that hour of reciprocal passion dealt the fatal blow with a firm hand, but an agonised heart. These remarks only apply to those volcanic dispositions, still, though but occasionally, found in parts of Spain, over which religion exercises her most fanatic sway, and to those particular cases in which the safety of the church is considered by the impassioned votress as imperiously opposed to the dictates of the heart. Generally speaking, love and religion are twin sisters in Spain, and accord extremely well: in England, a man of pleasure endeavouring to engage the affections of a married woman, systematically undermines every sacred impression, and keeps out of sight all that can possibly promote religious zeal. In Spain, he seeks his object by a different course; religion is too often made subservient to his views; he frequents the holy festivals which she attends; the deep devotion of her spirit lives upon his lips; and if he cannot kneel by her side in the long aisle, at least, she knows too well that his eye is upon her. Yet this can hardly be attributed to the religion of the country, but rather to many concurring causes that have operated upon society for centuries. Spanish devotion is often attired in gloomy colours. I have seen the antiquated dames of Murcia solemnly pacing the public walks of their city, with little scourges attached to their dress, and knotted for the purpose of self-torture. But their faith is sometimes clad in a light and brilliant livery; "la religion, l'amour, le parfum, et les fleurs," all mingling in one flowery path.

We shall have another opportunity of noticing this work when the second part appears.

FICTION.

The Changeling. By the Author of "Canvassing," in the "O'Hara Tales." In 3 vols. London, 1848. Saunders and Otley. The preface states that this novel was begun some years since, suspended, and at long intervals resumed and concluded more than two years ago. This last fact augurs well for the composition. A book needs to be kept for many months before it is sent to the press that the author may revise it deliberately when the impressions have somewhat faded from his mind and he is competent to spy out defects and has plucked up courage to blot. We think we see the beneficial results of such a process in the pages before us. They are written with more care than is commonly found in novels of the season: the composition is more correct; there is less tautology, and better choice of epithets. Certain it is that the author is a very clever painter of men and manners, and a singularly smart and lively writer. The opening sentences exhibit this characteristic:—"A group of ladies are seated round a tea-table in a certain town of that country famed, some fifteen or twenty years ago, for its fighting, laughing, starving, drinking, loving, murdering, keen though easily deluded, mischievous, obliging, ignorant, intelligent, blundering,

acute, interesting, tormenting population. The ladies are of various ages—from sixteen to sixty, inclusive; but amongst this mass of frills, flowers, cap-borders, and ringlets, nothing indicating the presence of man is visible."

And in this strain he proceeds to hit off brilliant sketches of people and places, sometimes in humour sometimes in pathos, but always graphic.

The Changeling is a well-constructed story, which we do not reveal because it would mar the reader's pleasure when he betakes himself to the work. Enough to say that it is deeply interesting, and sustains the attention without the intervention of one dull chapter. The author thoroughly understands the peculiarities of his countryfolk, and has sketched them to the life, neither concealing their faults nor exaggerating their virtues. It is neither a satire nor an eulogy, but an honest picture of a society which is moving off the scene, but of which, as he informs us in his preface, he has thought it well, before it has quite vanished, "to catch the passing expression, and stamp a resemblance which might strike those acquainted with the originals as portraits; and those who were not acquainted might, by the help of ideas gathered from various sources, arrive at some notion, at least, of what the species described was like.

We must be content with a single extract; and we take a portrait of

A CONVERSATIONIST.

Foster was able to do this. He had a great mind then, for he was not the slave of circumstances. No; he moulded them to his purposes—he rose above them—he mastered them. With dismal countenances staring him in the face, and woeful exclamations ringing in his ears, he continued, hour after hour, through the long hours of a long summer's day, to support that most difficult of all characters, the character of a brilliant conversationist. It is a reputation, like that of a good swordsman, under *l'ancien régime*, which we must not only fight—fight bravely and skilfully—in order to acquire, but which we must fight no less bravely and skilfully to maintain. Ever on the *qui vive*, alert, ready, watchful, we must carry his wit, as the duellist did his sword, always about him, always at his command, his hand on the hilt. Other pretensions may hesitate, or pause—may sometimes slacken his pace may even occasionally trip; but the man of wit, like the man of courage, must be ever going at full speed. Other foes may nod, but this one never. The orator may snore, the singer may get hoarse, but the talker must talk, and he must talk well—must talk as well to-day as he did yesterday; in health or in sickness, in or out of spirits—at all times and in all companies, he must talk equally well; and of these several companies, each individual thinks himself a competent judge to decide on his merits. Criticism on the fine arts, or science, or the higher works of literature, is supposed to require, and therefore the exercise of it to imply, some acquaintance with the subject upon which it pronounces its decisions; but not so when the pretensions of the conversationist come to be discussed, for every body is a judge of what constitutes a pleasant, agreeable person, *they say*. At best, the reputation is fleeting, insecure; leaving no impression of "words that burned, and thoughts that breathed," but a vague dreamlike remembrance on the mind of the listener, "that such a one was brilliant yesterday!" And yet, what a waste of talent was here! how much, and how various! How much of wit and of wisdom, of poetry, and of dramatic power, committed, with the recklessness of the sybil of old, not, it is true, to the winds, but to what is, perhaps, as heedless a guardian—the human memory! The talent of conversation is a rare talent; or, rather, it is a concentration of various talents—a bright crown of many gems. It is more than talent, it is genius; for it is not to be acquired by study, though much study may be requisite to perfect and adorn the gift.

Such were the thoughts that passed through Clara Whaley's mind, as Foster continued, hour after hour, thus to beguile the time by "converse sweet" —pouring forth in rich abundance the stores of his cultivated intellect. We would not imply by this that Foster was, in the least degree, a monopolist in conversation; that in him there was any, the slightest approach, to what is called "oratorizing in company." He dealt not in monologues, and he composed no essays; he was never carried away by his own ideas and feelings, so as to exclude others from any communication of what they thought and felt; on the contrary, he seemed but to speak in order to hear—to express his own sentiments, in order to elicit the sentiments of his companions. His conversation was what it implies, a talking with, not a talking to, another—strictly an interchange of thought; the style ample, rich, flowing, but never diffuse or redundant, and, though correct, never precise. But not only did Foster charm by speaking himself—he charmed still more by making others speak well also,—sometimes very much to their own surprise. He suggested almost as much as he expressed, appearing almost to breathe into his listeners his own power of embellishing thought; and thus, the ideas that had been by him scattered around, they now learned, under the influence of his spell, to weave into garlands of grace and beauty. And what was the spell? In what did that magic power consist—that power of inspiration? We may have been, all of us, at some time or other of our lives, under the influence of some spell, and bowed beneath the power of some such inspiration—the most mystical, perhaps, of all the properties of that most mystical thing—mind. Who may comprehend it? We think—yet how we think, none but Him who made us to think can understand. Foster was often the centre of a little group, but as often, and, if possible, then more agreeable, addressing himself exclusively to Clara; not that his conversation became, when more exclusive, more lover-like. No; there was, as yet, too much frankness and friendliness on her part to encourage anything but frankness and friendliness on his. That she liked him as a friend, there could be no doubt—as a friend, then, he continued to address her. He paid her no direct compliment, but, as before stated, he contrived that his whole conversation should imply one. That a man celebrated for his intellect should meet her thus, mind to mind, apparently upon equal terms, was an assurance perfectly intelligible, though not conveyed in words, of the high esteem in which he held her. Clara was gratified—flattered; and, superior to disguise of any kind, she allowed her countenance and manner to express that she was gratified—flattered. Although his opinions and sentiments were regulated by what he supposed agreeable to her, this was so diplomatically managed that a more suspicious person than Clara could not have detected the manœuvre. He as often combated, apparently, as he coincided in her views; but he took care that his opposition should be on such points only as might impress her with a confidence in his judgment, whilst it should not evince a cold or worldly heart. In correcting her exaggerated ideas of things and people, he took care to sigh over the time when he, too, was an enthusiast. He could not but envy that freshness of feeling, he said, common to women, but which a more extended intercourse with society so soon withers in men. Yet, while he professed to envy her, he contrived to insinuate that he was, after all, scarcely inferior to herself in kindly and generous feeling; and that although brought by experience to think somewhat harshly of human nature in the abstract, yet that his attachments were only the stronger to individuals—that he was *désabué* as to mankind in general.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Eclectic Review for February has some articles of great ability and great length, that of most immediate interest being the essay on the "Hampden Controversy," what may be deemed to express the views of the Protestant Dissenters upon the ex-

traordinary events now passing in the Church. The writer sees in it a powerful accession to the arguments of the Dissenters against the union of Church and State, and anticipates from it a movement within the Church towards the accomplishment of that object. Another article of great passing interest is a searching one upon the "Navigation Laws and National Defences." The longest and perhaps the most agreeable reading is an analysis of "Medwin's Life of Shelley." But there are others very attractive.

The Gentleman's Magazine for February opens with an elaborate review of TENNYSON's *Princess*; some further "Extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of the World," gossiping on all sorts of subjects. There is the usual copious obituary.

Dolman's Magazine introduces the first of a promised series of powerful sketches by the editor, entitled "Irish Calls," being the experiences of a benevolent Catholic clergyman in his visits to his flock. This one is called "The Dying Banker." "The Hampden Controversy" has invoked a commentary from the Roman Catholic as well as the Protestant Review. The writer here rather deplores it, deeming it an endeavour on the part of Lord JOHN RUSSELL to strike a blow at the party in the Church that has been striving to carry it over to Rome and; probably this was the true motive—one, too, that certainly will not be distasteful to a great majority of the people of England, who are Protestant to the backbone. "The Adventures of a Schoolboy" are extremely amusing.

National Cyclopaedia of Useful Knowledge.—Parts XII. and XIII. advance the words from "Bracciano" to "Castanea." There is no falling off in its value as it proceeds. It continues to be a miracle of cheapness.

Half-Hours with the Best Authors.—Part VIII. continues one of the most acceptable books that ever Mr. KNIGHT has presented to the public. Here is a reading for every day in the year, gleaned from the best authors of all times and countries, with excellent taste. It is a family treasure.

Knight's Farmers' Library.—Parts X. and XI. continue the subject of the Sheep, about which it supplies every kind of information that could be useful to the farmer.

The Land we Live in.—Part VII. is wholly devoted to Windsor, all whose natural and artificial beauties are described both by the pen and the pencil. The engravings are very numerous, and it is the best of the series that has appeared. It has the uses of a guide-book with the attractions of an agreeable book for reading.

The Family Herald for January contains its usual mass of novels, translations, anecdotes, answers to queries, and other miscellaneous reading, which has given it so great a popularity.

Atlas to Alison's History of Europe.—Part X. contains a chart of the Battle of Trafalgar, a map of Spain and Portugal, and plans of the Battles of Bautz, Craone, and Toulouse. It is an indispensable assistant to all students of modern history.

POETRY.

A Book of Ballads from the German. By PERCY BOYD, Esq. Dublin, 1848. M'Clashan.

EVEN if it had no other merit than outside beauty, this delicate volume would be placed as an ornament upon every drawing-room table. It is exquisitely bound in purple and gold, the devices being a work of art. It is printed on the finest paper, each page having a fanciful border; and many engravings, after original designs, are scattered among the text.

But to the reader it has more to recommend it even than its aspect. It has substantial attractions. The translations of German poetry are, as regards their subjects, well selected, and in their execution faithfully and spiritedly rendered. The writings of SCHILLER, KERNER, MULLER, FREILIGRATH, UHLAND, HEINE, GOETHE, and LICHTERFELD have been laid under contribution, and with what rich stores

Mr. BOYD has returned laden let the following specimens bear witness:—

THE SUNKEN CITY. (MULLER.)

The bells of evening, from the deep sea ringing,
Peal faint and hollow their melodious chime,
Strange tidings of a wonder city bringing,
'Neath its waveswhelmed in the olden time.

And though the tide of ocean, ever-streaming,
Lashes the place of that old city's gate,
Its golden battlements are still seen gleaming
At evening, mirrored in the lightest wave.

And once the boatman who had seen them glisten
In the clear twilight, with enchanted ray,—
He lingers spell-bound, for those chimes to listen,
Though rocks rise threatening in his ocean way.

Thus to the heart, like those sweet chimes, comes
often
A strange sad voice from memory's plaintive
shore,
And wayward thoughts the dreamer's vision soften,
Of love long vanished—to return no more.

The faded ruins of a world once splendid,
Now deeply buried in the Past's dim sea;
With thoughts and hopes that long ago seem'd
ended,
In dreams of midnight rise again to me.

Beneath the rays which memory's light was
flinging
I long to vanish in those dim waves' foam,
And angel-voices to my spirit singing,
Call me to memory's Wonder City home.

THE PICTURE BIBLE.

(FREILIGRATH.)

Hail to thee! time-worn teacher,
Friend of my childhood's days;
How oft by dear hands opened,
Thy page has met my gaze—
Where, from the pastime turning,
The boy in glad surprise,
Has seen before him burning,
The blaze of eastern skies.

Wide hast thou flung the portals
Of many a clime, I ween,
And on thy picture-pages
Are dreams of beauty seen.
Thanks! that a new world greeteth,
Through thee my wondering eye,
The palm-tree and the desert,
And camels gliding by.

'Tis thou hast brought them near me,
Sages and seers of old,
Whose lives inspired prophets
In burning words have told.
And I see young graceful maidens,
Of face and form divine,
Like dreams of fairest beauty,
Upon thy pages shine.

Then come the patriarch sages,
Men of the hoary head;
And as they pass, bright angels
Keep watch upon their tread.
Their flocks—I saw them drinking
From the river's crystal flood,—
As, wrapt in noon-day musing,
Before thy page I stood.

E'en at this hour I see thee,
Though years have passed since then,
With thy pages open lying
On the arm-chair again.
With beauty fresh and changeless,
Thy pictures still are bright
As when I first bent o'er them
With all a child's delight.

Once more I am beholding
Those forms grotesque and strange;
Their colour hath not faded,
Their beauty cannot change.
For every well-known picture,
By the artist's memory wrought,
And every bud and blossom,
Is with holy meaning fraught.

Again I stand, entreating,
Beside my mother's knee,
And she tells once more the meaning
Of each quaint mystery,
And my grey-haired father near me,
As I bend my eager brow,—
Methinks, still gently smiling,
I see the old man now.

Old times! old times! for ever,
Passed like a vision by,
The picture-bible gleaming,—
The young believing eye:
Those dear old parents bending
O'er the boy so young and gay,
The true and trusting childhood,
All, all have passed away!

How finely descriptive is the following!—

THE BANDIT CHIEFTAIN'S FUNERAL.
(FREILIGRATH.)

Pale now and cold he lieth
Where full of life he stood,
And on a bier they bear him,
His comrades through the wood:
Six of them tall and swarthy,
Well armed with steel and lead,
Through the dark pines are bearing
The pale form of the dead.

Two firelocks, whose long barrels
Through the pine shade glitter clear,
With three drawn swords laid crosswise,
Are the bandit chieftain's bier.
On the bright blades he lieth,
Who loved their sparkling sheen—
And his head droops gently downwards
To the bright earth's sward of green.

One deep red wound is gaping
On the left side of his head,
Where in an evil moment
The bullet smote him dead.
And as they bear him onward,
From his matted locks of brown,
The life-blood ebbing slowly,
Drop by drop comes down.

His eye's proud light is quenched,
His cheek's rich bloom is dim;
But a scornful smile still shew'd
Death was not feared by him.
And the sword, which oft in battle
With the foeman's blood was red,
Is grasped as firm as ever
In the cold hand of the dead.

That fateful gleam to foemen,
With which it used to glow,
Is lost as it hangs trailing
On the mossy ground below,
And the red tears are flowing
Adown that glittering brand,
As if it wept in sorrow
For the dead man's powerless hand.

His left hand, tightly clutching,
Still grasps his girdle shawl:
As in the last death-struggle,
When sped the fatal ball.
There on his bier the chieftain
So brave now cold reclines,
Borne by his stout banditti
Through the gloomy Appenines.

Borne by his comrades slowly,
Through the dusky glen and glade,
Until the captain "halt" calls,
'Neath the forest's deepest shade;
And then the bier is lowered
With a rattling heavy tone,
The banditti lay their brother
In his cold dark grave—alone.

No coffin have they made him,
But placed him as he fell,
With his glittering arms beside him,
And the sword he loved so well;
In haste they ground their muskets,
When—hark! a whistle shrill—
They plunge into the thicket—
Away! and all is still.

VANISHED HAPPINESS.

(LICHTERFELD.)

Like a beam o'er the clouded sky,
Like the note of a distant lay—
Lo! our life's dearest dreams must die,
In sorrow and anguish away.

But the bright sun again shall beam,
And the melody sound once more,
When our hope's proud song and the dream
For ever are hushed and o'er.

Lyrics by *Sea and Shore*. By COLIN RAE

BROWN. London: Orr and Co.; Glasgow: Chambers; Edinburgh: Fraser and Co.

A VOLUME which, containing a great deal of the merest common-place, has yet occasionally a few better thoughts than we find in the larger proportion of those offering themselves to our notice. Mr. BROWN possesses considerable poetic feeling, but little power or originality: in artistic skill he is very deficient. He has, however, a just perception of right and wrong, and those amiable and generous affections which, though when uncombined with other qualities they do not make a poet, are in their own nature of the essence of poetry.

Mr. BROWN is young—very young we should think; therefore with time, study, and practice, there is hope that he may produce something better than he has hitherto achieved;—but these we can assure him are absolutely necessary to his success. The following is a specimen of his powers.

SECRETS.

There is a creed in every heart
Unsyllabled, unsung,
A creed that never strays beyond
The portals of the tongue.

There is a hope the world knows not,
And, mayhap, may never know—
Whether rising to fruition—
Sinking in a sea of woe.

There is a name the lover shrines
'Neath all his hopes and fears:
A name that mingles with each thought,
It may be for long years.

There is a something never breathed,
Not even to the dearest;
A something that in joy or grief
Is to the heart the nearest.

There's many, many a silent thing
Secluded in the heart
Of every man and woman here,
Which they to none impart.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Plea for Peasant Proprietors; with Outlines of a Plan for their Establishment in Ireland. By WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, Author of "Over-Population and its Remedy." London, 1848. Murray.

MR. THORNTON is an advocate of the small-farm system—every man the owner and tiller of his own rood; he deems it to be the most beneficial system for a country, and most to promote individual happiness. He appeals in proof to the cases of Norway, Italy, Greece, and other countries where the system has prevailed. But probably the reader will be surprised to learn that he recommends its application to Ireland, which is generally supposed to be suffering from the excess of the practice which he proposes for a remedy. With all Mr. THORNTON's ingenuity, he will, we think, fail to satisfy the common sense of the English people that over popular and excessive subdivision of land in Ireland is to be cured by carrying that division yet further, introducing it where it does not yet prevail, and thus stimulating the populousness he professes to dread.

So far as respects the cultivation of the waste lands, by planting upon them the pauper population, he will have the cordial support of all parties. It is a disgrace to the Government that the people should starve for want of productive employment when there are thousands of acres upon which that labour might be expended with certainty of an ample return. The real obstacle we believe to be, that these wastes are the property of landlords who have not the capital requisite for the payment of the labourers during the period that must intervene between the first draining and ploughing and the first crop. This is a difficulty very easily overcome. Let the State take to itself all the wastes which the landlords will not undertake forthwith to cultivate,

giving to them as compensation a lord's rent, contingent upon their ultimate productiveness, and redeemable at any time on payment of its value. Then let these wastes go in aid of the poor-rate. Give to the guardians of unions power to send thither all able-bodied paupers, as labourers, paying the cost of cultivation out of the rates, to be repaid out of the produce, and to be a charge upon the land when so reclaimed. It seems to us that by some such plan as this every object would be attained without invasion of any right, and with profit to all the parties concerned.

This is very much like the plan proposed by Mr. THORNTON; but he seems to look beyond the wastes to a general subdivision of farms, which we should deem most mischievous. He states that the waste land in Ireland amounts in the whole to 6,290,000 acres, of which about one-third is said not to be worth the cost of cultivating, which, however, seeing what has been done in England and Scotland, we should be slow to accept as the true measure of worthlessness; but it is acknowledged that 1,425,000 acres may be improved for the purposes of tillage, 2,330,000 for those of pasture. It is also an important fact that the wastes are most extensive in the very counties where there is the most destitution, so that every thing combines to make the experiment as easy of trial as, if successful, it would be important in its results.

By all who interest themselves in that great question of our day, the condition of Ireland, this portion of Mr. THORNTON's book will be read with great interest.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Recollections of Real Life in England. By the late JANE WAYLAND. With an Introduction by FRANCIS WAYLAND. New York, 1847. D. Appleton and Co.*

As the writer of several excellent moral tales, Mrs. WAYLAND is favourably known in this country. The distinguished President of Brown University is her nephew. During a visit to Lincolnshire, where she resided, he was struck with many incidents she related of personal experience and observation, while the wife of a clergyman in that district, and suggested that they should be written out for the benefit of those who could not enjoy the privilege of hearing her converse. Mrs. WAYLAND died about two years since, bequeathing the manuscript of these Recollections, incomplete and unrevised as it necessarily was, to her nephew. To many readers his Introduction will prove the most attractive portion of the book. He describes, in simple, nervous style—which, to our taste, has a manly directness but too seldom encountered—the most striking contrasts between English and American moral life, as the former was revealed to him during a visit to the rectory of Bassingham, the home of his kindred. He thus pictures the scenery of the surrounding country:—

LINCOLNSHIRE.

I was particularly struck with the uniformly level appearance of this part of Great Britain. I had never seen any portion of the United States so destitute of anything that could be called an undulation. The whole county of Lincoln seemed to me as flat as a prairie. The notions of the people seemed to be adjusted to this peculiarity of their scenery. I remember that on one occasion during my visit, a friend spoke to me of a house that stood upon a hill. I had frequently passed by the spot, but could not recall the locality to which he referred. I took pains to examine the house when I next happened to be in the vicinity, and perceived that the lawn in front really declined towards the road, but declined so gradually, that, until my attention was directed to the fact, I had not observed its variation from the universal level.

It will at once be obvious that I was in the midst of an agricultural, and not a manufacturing population. There are no coal mines in the county, to which manufacturers could be attracted. Water-power, of course, is out of the question, and grain is ground by the wind-mill. These Lincolnshire plains, since drainage has been introduced, are among the

* From the *Literary World*,—the American Critic.

most productive lands in the kingdom. The labourers were said to be all in comfortable circumstances. The part of the county which I saw seemed dotted with small agricultural villages, without having concentrated its population, to any considerable degree, into large or flourishing towns. The only exception to these remarks is Lincoln, about eight miles from Bassingham. This old city, renowned formerly as the site of a Roman station, and retaining still an old Roman gateway, and yet more renowned at present for its noble cathedral, the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture that I have ever seen, stands upon a gentle elevation, and overlooks the surrounding country to a considerable distance. The natural results of this condition of things were obvious. The spirit of innovation, which is so powerfully at work in almost every part of the Anglo-Saxon dominions, seemed not yet to have disturbed this quiet agricultural district. The population consists of the small farmers who rent the land, and the labourers whom they employ, a class of persons, so far as I have observed, by no means favourable to innovation. I was credibly informed that, out of the family of my uncle, but one, and that a weekly religious newspaper, was taken in the whole parish. There was no post-office in the village. Letters were sometimes left at a tavern, a few miles distant, at which the mail coach stopped to water its horses. When this direction had not been given, they were delivered at Newark-on-Trent, or at Lincoln. Since I left Bassingham, I learn, however, that a change in these respects has come over it. A railroad now passes within a few miles of the village, and a post-office was opened there on the very day that witnessed the funeral of the author of the following sketches.

Accustomed as I had been to the bustle, activity, and progress which characterise the villages of the Northern States of the Union, there was something peculiar in the unalterable fixity which seemed stamped on everything that I looked upon. You might walk the streets at almost any hour of the day, without meeting an individual. The houses looked as though they might have endured for a century. The village church had stood unchanged for ages. It would seem that the building of a house was an event from which almost a new era would be dated in the history of the parish. Nor is this to be wondered at; building materials are exceeding costly; timber is imported from Canada or Norway; hence brick is used, wherever it is possible, in its place. With the exception of the church, which is of stone, every edifice in Bassingham is of brick. The fences which surround the door-yards are of brick, and I even saw pig-styes of the same material. The tiller of the land holds his property on lease, while the owner resides in a different part of the kingdom. So long as the landlord receives his rent punctually, he has no desire to invest capital in improvements. The farmer can rarely improve his condition so far as to purchase his homestead. Neither party have, therefore, any strong motive for change, and hence things remain as they are. The houses require occasionally to be thatched anew, while the walls continue unchanged from generation to generation.

Dr. WAYLAND was naturally impressed, while sojourning amid those tranquil scenes, with the conservative spirit of the inhabitants, so diverse from the active, changeable existence of the New World. On this subject he remarks:—

AN ANTI-PROGRESSIVE SOCIETY.

That instinctive looking-forward to the future, which manifests itself everywhere among us, seemed not in any degree to have entered the thoughts of the people in this part of Lincolnshire. I presume that no one ever troubled himself with the anticipation of what Bassingham was some day or other to become. No speculation in house-lots, no mania for improvements had, I presume, ever deprived an inhabitant of a night's rest. With regard to education, I apprehend the same quiescence bore sway. There was a Sunday school connected with the village church. I presume that there were means for giving to the children the simplest rudiments of learning. But if there were any building set apart for the purpose of education, I was not so fortunate as to discover it. The union of all the inhabitants, so common among us for the sake of giving to all the children of the village the means of as good education as their circumstances would allow, had, I presume, never been attempted. Indeed, I never heard of this form of social combination in any part of Great Britain. I seemed myself to observe, in this respect, a vast difference between that country and our own. Here, every one feels distinctly that he must originate and carry forward all those means which are needed for the improvement

of himself and his fellow-citizens. There, the reverse is the case. The people expect every improvement to originate with the government or the gentry. The theory of society leaves the care of the public good to the upper classes of society; but they seem either unable or unwilling to care for it. The government undertakes to do what, in the present state of society, is manifestly impossible; while by undertaking it, they have diminished, to a considerable degree, the individual self-reliance of the people. Hence, there seemed to me a vastly greater degree of dependence of the lower upon the upper classes of society, than I had been accustomed to observe. The natural result follows: the gentry are much less dependent upon the mass of public opinion than with us. Whether of these is the preferable form of social organization, I need not pretend to decide. I merely state the fact, as I observed it.

In commanding this little work to our readers, we cannot refrain from making one more extract, wherein Dr. WAYLAND gives a just and striking account of the parochial relations in Great Britain. It would appear that, in some districts, Goldsmith's Village Pastor may still be found:—

THE ENGLISH CLERGY.

From what I have said of the condition of the parish, and of the family of the pastor, it will at once appear that the duties, responsibility, and position of clergymen in England are quite dissimilar to anything that exists among us. By virtue of his education and office, he belongs to the class of gentlemen, and the meaning of this term, in the old country, is definite and well understood. His social position is widely removed from theirs, with the exception of those among them who occupy the same rank as himself. In early childhood he knew more than they have ever learned, and, from that time to the present, he has made rapid and uninterrupted progress. While *they* are consigned to endless daily toil, *he* might be raised to a bishopric, and become a peer of the realm, without exciting any surprise. To *his* family the avenues to every form of professional eminence are open, while *they* are happy if they may hope to leave to their children a heritage no worse than their own. While a relation like this is liable to great abuses, it also furnishes the opportunity for conferring important benefits. I have said above, that there exists in the lower classes the feeling of dependence. This feeling, naturally, turns towards the clergymen, if he be worthy of his office. In all their troubles they look up to him and his family, with a reverence and confidence, such as we never observe in this country. He is the umpire in cases of difference. His aid is sought in all cases of difficulty. Every plan for the amelioration of the poor will pretty certainly fail without his co-operation. In all the meetings of the gentry of the county, on public business, he is an important adviser. Nor is this relation limited to the clergymen himself. His wife, if she be a fellow-labourer, has duties to discharge of a similar and not less multifarious character. The women of the parish, in all their troubles, and they are neither few nor small, make their appeal directly to her. If their sufferings at home can no longer be borne in silence, they go to her for sympathy and advice. If their children are disobedient and unruly, they invoke the aid of her authority. When dying they call her to their bedside, and implore her, as their nearest friend, to have an eye upon their orphans. In sickness they look to her for medicine, and they frequently receive from her, what they need far more than medicine, those little comforts which their scanty means cannot furnish, accompanied by those lessons of religious instruction which are able to make them wise unto salvation.

In these labours of love, the children of an English clergymen such as I have described, are taught to bear a part. They all learn to employ themselves in some mode of philanthropy. While I was at B. I observed that each of the young ladies seemed to have her own appropriate walk of usefulness, and each seemed to be responsible for the well-being of particular families. Hence, hardly a day passed during my visit, without bringing its report of some case of suffering, for which it was necessary to devise means of relief, or of some invalid, who, under the treatment of my young relatives, was recovering her health. These ministrations of mercy were never confided to servants, but were always performed in person, either by my aunt, or by her daughters. Several instances illustrative of these remarks will be found in the following pages.

While, however, the parochial relation in the old country is capable of producing such results as these, it is also capable of producing results widely different. A clergymen may neglect all his appropriate duties,

and lead a life of irreligion, sensuality, and extreme worldliness; and if he only keep clear of ecclesiastical censure, he may set the opinions of his parish at defiance. In such cases as this, the evil is enormous. The incumbent sacrifices the souls of the people committed to his charge, and receives, frequently, a large revenue, as the wages of his ill-doing. There are still thoughtless, fox-hunting, wicked men, who minister at the altar of the Established Church in England; the younger sons of powerful families, who enter the church merely to secure a genteel living; and who, it would seem, have never bestowed a thought either upon the solemn obligations which they have assumed as clergymen, or the yet more solemn obligations which bind them to their Creator and their Judge. I rejoice in the belief, however, that the number of such ecclesiastics is rapidly diminishing. There is, on the other hand, an increasing number of those who live among their parishioners very much on the terms which I have described.

DECORATIVE ART.

The Tradesman's Book of Ornamental Designs, Part IX. contains designs for Patera after the Romans, of Egyptian carpets, of perforated rails, and of window-heads. They are extremely tasteful.

A.R.T.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

UPON a deliberate inspection of the works of Art forming this exhibition, we feel that the opinion given in *THE CRITIC* last week of its aggregate worth is a just one,—it is of "fair average merit," much better than that of last year; inferior to many of years gone by, it may be said, and therefore not an average one. It must, however, be borne in mind that an important alteration, and a wise one, made within the last few years in the Rules of the Institution, precludes the admission of pictures that have been previously exhibited. Before this regulation it was rich in the unsold works, usually of the preceding year's Royal Academy exhibition, works by the first masters, and frequently, of course, of the first merit; but the collection did not rest on the novelty of its attraction, as it now does; and it is this that renders it less brilliant. It frequently occurred, too, that indifferent pictures by great names were, under this system, thrust a second time into public notice, to the exclusion of newer and better works; this was a grievance to young artists and a nuisance to the public; it was felt to be so, and the admission of none but unexhibited works, determined upon by the Directors, was a boon to struggling merit, and has done good service. The Institution is avowedly for "promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom," and as such its place is, or ought to be, that of a stepping-stone to the Royal Academy, and not, as it was, a refuge for the destitute. In speaking then of an average collection, the comparison should be made with those of the last five years or so; and with them we hold the present to be one of fair average.

It is impossible, on glancing round the rooms, not to be struck with the preponderance of landscape and animal pieces; this is to be regretted, and the more so that is partly the fault of the Direction, the active part devolving on two or three individual members, who shew a decided preference especially for landscape, and have often hung many by the same master in the best places, to the prejudice of fine works of history, poetry, &c. So notorious is this, that, to our knowledge, several eminent artists who paint such subjects will not contribute. It is to be hoped that this will be remedied. Another cause is, that great efforts are mostly reserved for the Royal Academy.

We take the pictures without reference to order, beginning, however, with

No. 1. *A Calm after a heavy gale, off Bury Head.* F. DANBY, A.R.A.—A beautiful work; the heaving ground-swell truthful as nature itself, and in most perfect keeping with the majestic clouds breaking away in the distance: the principal group of vessels do not, however, take a pleasing form.

4. *A Hill-side Farm.* J. LINNELL.—Painted with a charming feeling.

20. *Suspicion*—T. UWINS, R.A.—does not en-

hance the artist's reputation ; the figures are doll-like and lifeless.

18. *The Bogged Pony.* R. ANSDELL.—A capital picture by this rapidly rising painter ; finely composed and grouped, and natural in effect, it gives a perfect idea of a casualty incidental to deer-stalking.

11. *A Bit, near Bolton.*—One of Mr. BRIGHT'S chromatic facilities, pretty, but the same as usual.

49. *The Last Gleam before the Storm.* J. LINNELL.—The finest picture in the exhibition. A perfect wonder of art ! Force beyond belief, consummate in chiaroscuro, and in treatment an English classic. Mr. LINNELL has here cast aside the rules that trammel others, and has yet been true to nature, to art, and to himself. If there is anything we could wish, it is that the foliage were less positive in colour.

38. *A Fruit-Piece.* by LANCE.—Rich, luscious, juicy, and tempting ; a beautiful piece of harmonious colouring ; and as a specimen of the excellence of British Art in this department, worthy the honour awaiting it. It was commissioned by Mr. VERNON, and forms part of his great gift to the nation.

43. *Lorenzo and Jessica.* R. S. LAUDER.—Conveying no idea of the spirit of the quotation appended to it, poor in every respect, and wretched in colour.

102. *Post-haste.* C. BRANWHITE.—A heath scene, with a stormy sky. The post-boy, on a shaggy white pony at the top of his speed, is admirably delineated ; so startling is the action, that the spectator almost congratulates himself on being out of harm's way.

95. *Orlando pursuing the Fata Morgana.* G. F. WATTS.—Finely conceived and ably treated ; the drawing of the female figure is chastely beautiful.

119, 124, 136.—Three of Mr. INSKIPP'S affectations of dexterity ; the same self-sufficient air is observable in the faces of all the ladies which the public have long been familiar with.

120. *A River Scene, Evening.* T. S. COOPER, A.R.A.—One of this artist's charming cattle-pieces, glowing with breathing sunlight—CUPP-like in effect, though CUPP never drew animals equal to these by SYDNEY COOPER.

84. *The Irish Piper.* F. GOODALL.—A sweet little picture, representing an Irish interior ; chaste, yet replete with character.

129. *A Saw-mill at Sardam.* C. STANFIELD, R.A.—Well composed, with an agreeable twilight effect, but hard and unfinished.

69. *A Highland Lake.* F. R. LEE, R.A.—So unlike the painter as scarcely to be recognised ; let him by all means return to his usual style ; this does him harm.

48. *The Morning Walk*—H. O'NEIL—is a *bond fide* portrait of a female model. This is too bad ; if Mr. O'NEIL does not aim higher, he will soon sink lower. The picture is nicely painted, but contemptible in subject, considering his capabilities.

54. *A Zuyder Zee Botter, working off a Sand-bank.* E. W. COOKE.—One of several, by this clever painter, truthful and characteristic, and evidencing a thorough knowledge of craft.

114. *A Mile from Home*—C. HILDEBRANDT—by a foreign artist, displays nice arrangement, and a good eye for colour. It may be worthy of remark, that this picture is painted with greater freedom than is usual with continental painters, who attach, and justly, a great, but too often an all-saving importance to refined drawing, which gives their works either only a semi-vitality or an appearance of the statuette.

We shall continue the review in our next.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. LESLIE, the newly-appointed professor of painting, commences his lectures on Thursday next, the 17th inst.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

It is the intention of Mr. Reeves to return to Italy

at the close of this season.—M. Leopold Meyer will visit London in the course of the coming season.—It is in contemplation to form an Academy of Music at Dublin, and ancient concerts have been established at Cork with no small success.—Mr. Bexfield, organist at Boston, Lincolnshire, and Mr. George French Flowers, are among the candidates for the musical professorship at the University, left vacant by the decease of Dr. Crotch.

—The eccentric brother of Beethoven recently died at Vienna, aged seventy-two, leaving the bulk of his property to his nephew, a scamp who embittered the days of his immortal uncle.—Mr. Balfus has returned to London from Paris, to commence his duties as conductor at her Majesty's Theatre.—The Royal Italian Opera has issued its prospectus. The theatre will open for the season on Tuesday, March 7th, for the performance, it is stated, "of operas of the most eminent composers, without distinction of country." The company is powerful. Besides Madame Grisi, Madame Persiani, Madame Ronconi, Mdles. Steffanoni and Corbari, who were engaged last year, the list of principal sopranis is strengthened by three additions—Madame Castellan, from her Majesty's Theatre ; Mdle. Angiolina Zoja, who has acquired considerable reputation in Italy ; and the celebrated Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, sister of Malibran. The only contralto announced is Mdle. Alboni, but she is a host in herself. The tenors will comprise Signori Mario, Salvi, and other favourites of last year, with Signor Luigi Mei, a new importation from the Scala at Milan, and M. Roger, the well-known *primo tenore* of the Opera Comique in Paris. The *bassi profondi* will consist of Signor Marini, a certain Signor Corradi-Setti, from the Scala ; with Signors Tagliafico and Polonini, highly capable subordinates. Signors Tamburini and Ronconi will be among the baritones, and Signor Rovere continues to officiate as *basso comico*, although it must be evident that his voice is a decided barytone. For second tenors we are to have Lavia and Soldi (another new acquisition), and for *seconda donna*, the ever green Madame Bellini.

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I Cannot Change as Others Do. A Song written by the Earl of ROCHESTER, composed by WALTER MAYNARD. London, Cramer and Co. An elegant little ditty, with no pretensions to be very striking or original, but equal to the average of drawing-room lays.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover-square. Under the immediate Patronage of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge.—The First GRAND CONCERT of the Season will be given on Thursday, the 17th of February, by the INFANT HARPISTS, Adolphus, Ernest, and Fanny Lockwood, aged eight, seven, and six years.

N.B. To the purchasers of Family Tickets will be presented beautiful portraits of the children, executed by Baugniet, and coloured by the first masters. Anna Thillon, Lablache, H. Phillips, Benedict, Gerhard Taylor, &c. &c. Tickets at all the Principal Music Sellers.

THE GREATEST NOVELTY of the DAY.—PALLADIUM, late Hall of Rome, Great Windmill-street, Haymarket.—Madame BENARD, original TABLEAUX VIVANS and POSES PLASTIQUES. LADY GODIVA on a LIVING HORSE, and the moving Tableaux of Acis and Galatea, and the Death of Lucretia, having been received with the most rapturous applause ; Madame Benard begs to state that the above splendid representation will be repeated every Morning and Evening. Morning performance at 3 ; Evening at 8. Stalls, 3s. ; Reserved Seats, 2s. ; Pit, 1s.

DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.—Madame Dorus Gras refused to play, as engaged, in the *Bride of Lammermoor* at Drury Lane on Wednesday. She states in a letter to the *Morning Chronicle*, that she could not obtain her salary from the manager, a great arrear of which was due.—It is her Majesty's intention to visit the Haymarket Theatre, to see the performance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean in the new play of *The Wife's Secret*, which has run up to this from the commencement of their engagement, and appears likely to carry them and the theatre triumphantly through a renewal of it. A large party will have the honour of accompanying

and attending on her Majesty, for whom two Royal boxes, the Queen's own and that of the Queen Dowager, are engaged.

PROGRAMME OF THE SEASON AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—We have received the programme of the season, which opens in the first week in March, and its promise is most attractive. The vocal talent that distinguished it last year will be surpassed in the coming season, if not in the genius of particular performers, at least in the abundance of talent that has been collected, and the strength of the company will be such as to ensure the production of any work in the whole range of opera, with every part filled by some name that has achieved a reputation in the musical capitals of Europe. Grisi, Albani, and Persiani are alone sufficient to place the stage on which they unite their powers at the very summit of perfection in the vocal drama. But add to these Castellan, Cobari, and Garcia Viardot, who are also announced, and it would be impossible to raise expectation too highly. These are to be supported, Mario, Tamburini, Ronconi, Marini, Salvi, Roger, and Rovere. It may be safely asserted, that never before has there been such a galaxy of talent as this list exhibits. The Covent Garden Opera was famous last year for its completeness ; for its perfection in all respects ; and only the Jenny Lind mania prevented its making a deeper impression upon our population. By the real lovers of music it was estimated at its true worth, and the madness of the moment for one star did not prevent them from appreciating the value of great works produced in all their parts perfect. It was thought, too, that if she had appeared at any other time, Albani would have obtained much of the worship which it was the fashion to offer to the Swedish nightingale. But inasmuch as the public is not mad for ever, and even manias have their day, it is more than probable that the complete Opera of Covent Garden will receive during the coming season the attention to which its unrivalled worth entitled it, and that it will fairly dispute the palm of public favour with the one attraction in the Haymarket. We anticipate that it will be our frequent duty to record ruses and crushes, and "rivas," and flying bouquets, and tickets at a premium in Covent Garden, as last year we told of the doings at her Majesty's Theatre. Costa presides at the orchestra, and there is a promise of an attractive ballet ; but as the names are all new to us, we will say no more of that, than to express hope that it will be an improvement upon the last. That was the weak point at Covent Garden. Let it be made a strong one in future.

FRENCH PLAYS. ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Monday, a new play, called *La Vicomtesse Lotolle*, introduced Mdle. Nathalie to a London audience. It was, we believe, borrowed from the boards of the Palais Royal, and in its construction and composition it is an excellent specimen of the French *Comédie-Vaudeville*, lively and piquant, hitting the happy medium between the formal comedy and the exaggerations and broad humour of farce. Every dialogue is sparkling with points, and every personage is a character. The substance of the story is the *mésalliance* of a chevalier of the court of Louis Quatorze, with Grisette, a fabricator of fashions, a beauty, and a wit. The plot of the piece lies in the stratagems by which the indignant family of the viscount strive to set this young couple by the ears, in order to bring about a separation, and the counter-schemes by which the clever viscountess defeats their designs, rivets the love and confidence of her husband, and defeats and shames her haughty enemies. Mdle. Nathalie sustained the character of the *Viscomtesse* with infinite grace and spirit, and produced a finished piece of acting. The *Chevalier* was played with equal effect by M. Montalon. It was completely successful.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE RACE OF TOIL.

BY MRS. LORAIN.

Thou, of the race of Toil, who bear
The old primeval curse of Aden,—
Bowed down with thine unequal share,—
For thine oppressors laden !

Look up ! though pride thy toil hath spurned,
Thy toil is rest to many another,
Though in its sweat thy bread be earned,
Let not thy brow droop, Brother !

If that thou art not mean or base,
Look up, look up, thou art not poor ;
Thou hast God's likeness in thy face,—
A monarch has no more.

If thou hast sown the life-strong grain,
And dressed the earth with spade and plough,
What Caesar or what Charlemagne
Did more for man than thou?

To eat "the labour of thy hands,"
Was what the prophet king of old,
Whose words of power were God's commands,
To God's elect foretold.

Then eat and live—aye, live for ever,
Among the nameless here throned;
Thy patient toil and strong endeavour
May be an angel's song.

Look up, and many a lofty thought
Shall rise to guide thee with its ray—
Stars, by whose light the deeds are wrought
Which never pass away.

Shelter the houseless with thy roof,
However poor thy roof may be,
And learn contentment from the proof
Of poorer yet than thee.

Spread what thou hast upon the board,
Nor blush so little there to view;
Who gives the most he can afford,
Gives more than princes do.

Give to the beggar at thy door,
Give even that thou hast not tasted;
The widow's meal and cruse of yore,
So given, never wasted.

Thus shall thy soul look up, and climb
Above the sphere which men behold,
And reach a greatness more sublime
Than that of rank or gold.

Thus shall it stand secure, and far
Beyond the mists of earthly ill,
Upon the moral heights, which are
The Everlasting Hills!

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

PHILOSOPHY OF MESMERISM.

DR. STORER concluded his lectures at the Albert Rooms, on this interesting subject, on Saturday evening last. His first lecture resembled in argument that given at the Philosophical Institution; the concluding address treated of the philosophy of the question. The lecturer, while he admitted that there were mysteries in Mesmerism, denied that they were greater than those of other sciences, which were not rejected because there were incomprehensibilities connected with them. Mesmerism was, in fact, mental electricity, because it was the direct impulse of one mind upon the minds and bodies of others. Some teachers of Mesmerism professed that there was but one common law pervading the whole universe—the law of equilibrium; in accordance with which there was kept up a constant action and reaction throughout every department of nature. While, however, they contended for but one common law, they conceded that that law was so varied as to be perfectly adapted to all the variety of substances in being. They all knew that if they raised the sluice of a lock or canal, the water would fall in one division and rise in the other, until an equilibrium of height was attained, when Nature, having fulfilled her law, would be at rest. The action of the element would be great in proportion as it was thrown out of balance; the rush at first would be immense, but it would gradually lessen until equality brought repose. So with regard to air. The atmosphere of a room rarefied by heat was thrown out of balance with the surrounding air; hence through every crevice there was a rush of the colder element into the room, which would be continued until an equilibrium of density could be attained. The air in one part of the globe was more rarefied by heat than in another, and hence the "zephyrs of heaven" were continually fanning the human brow and carrying health to human habitations. The same was true in regard to electricity. Two equally charged clouds would pass or mingle with each other without any remarkable effect; but let them be unequally charged—let one be negatively and the other positively charged—and the heavens will stream with lightning. Long-continued drought and heat caused electricity to be unequally diffused throughout the atmosphere. Thus thrown out of balance, Nature could no longer remain tranquil; a reaction took place, the elementary war continued till an equilibrium was restored, and all was calm. To pass from inert to animated nature. It was an attested fact that if a healthy child slept constantly between two decrepit persons, it would pine away. The child was full of life, and its nervous system

charged with the vital fluid, secreted by the brain; the age lacking the proper quantity of the nervous fluid, the law of equilibrium operated. The child lost, while the aged gained, vital power; but, inasmuch as the aged could never get up to the nervous standard of childhood, childhood must descend to that of age. The brain was a congeries of nerves manufactured from electricity; the nervous system contained no blood, and must be regarded as distinct from the venous and arterial systems. Man, however, as he might have a deficiency of blood in his circulating, so he might lack the proper quantum of nervous fluid in his nervous system. Persons who were easily affected by sudden matters, and were thrown into great excitement and tremor, were deficient of nervous fluid. Now, let a person whose system was fully charged come in contact with one who was wanting in the requisite quantity; let the former hold his mind upon the latter, and, by the action of the will and in accordance with the law of equilibrium, the fluid will pass from one brain to the other, and the sudden change in the receiving brain will produce a new condition. On that principle it would be perceived that a patient with a great deficiency of nervous fluid could be mesmerised the first time and with a greater or lesser degree of ease; while, if the deficiency was less, the effect would be more tardily produced. It might be said that—if such was the philosophy of the subject—two brains equally charged would not act the one upon the other; but, if one remained passive and willing to be operated upon, and the other exercised his energies to act upon him, a disproportion was created. Two bodies of water would seek a level whenever a communication was made between them; but it was equally true that water could by a pump be thrown from a lower to a higher cistern. No one could deny that this was in accordance with the law referred to. By physical energy the air was removed from the pump; the resistance was removed, while the circumambient air pressed more heavily upon the water in the lower level and caused it to rise. In nature, no one element ever disturbed itself—the water would always keep a placid level throughout the globe if air and heat never disturbed it. By heat, however, it was rarefied into vapour, carried abroad by aerial conductors, condensed by cold into drops, and rained upon the mountains and elevated land, again to seek its level in its parent ocean. So with air: abstractedly it could never disturb itself; but there was a power that rarefied it in places, the dense portions rushed to its aid, and the winds were in action to keep a balance in its own empire.

Dr. Storer next explained the nervous-vital fluid: he observed that there was not an inch of air which did not contain more or less of electricity. The air entered in its compound state into the lungs—the oxygen and electricity were communicated to the blood, which was charged with iron; while the nitrogen of the atmosphere was disengaged and expired. The iron, which gives colour to the blood, was instantaneously rendered magnetic under the influence of electricity—analogous to the needle in the galvanic battery, which became magnetic merely by induction. The blood was itself at the same time oxidised, and the oxygen generated acidity in the blood, answering in some degree to the solution of sulphate of copper in the galvanic battery. The blood thus magnetically prepared at the lungs was thrown upon the heart and forced through its living channels, and the friction caused the electro-magnetic power to escape from the circulating to the nervous system (for which it had a strong affinity), and being secreted by the brain, it became the nervous-vital fluid or animal magnetism. The blood thus freed assumed a dark colour and became negative, the lungs being charged with a fresh supply of electricity, became positive, and hence the blood from the veins was again drawn to the lungs. Every muscle and gland, every organ of the body being thus polar, animal life, by the negative and positive principles, was sustained and perpetuated through the action of the lungs and the blood. The lecturer enlarged on this part of his subject, and referred to the effects produced upon bodies shortly after death by the application of galvanism. He pointed out the functions of the nerves of sensation and the voluntary nerves, both of which went to the lungs, and, after observing that the views he entertained were those held by the eminent Mr. Dods, of Boston, he concluded by remarking that the electro-magnetic power was the only matter that could come in contact with mind.

Dr. Storer followed his remarks by several interesting experiments, shewing the various phenomena and clairvoyance. He also mesmerised fifteen persons from the audience, the majority of whom were sensibly affected, and four completely so.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—
Jan 28. T. J. Pettigrew, esq. treasurer, in the chair. The Rev. Mr. Woolrich exhibited tracings of the remains of fresco-paintings discovered on the pillars supporting the galleries of Walford Church, one supposed to represent the white horse in Revelations, and another a figure of St. Dunstan. Mr. C. R. Smith described the progress making at St. Albans on the site of ancient Verulam. The excavations are under the direction of Mr. Law, who has laid open a considerable portion of the foundations of the Roman amphitheatre, and is in hopes, with further assistance than that afforded by the members of this Association, to be enabled to continue with a spirit worthy of this important discovery. Several members expressed regret at the extreme apathy of our Government in objects of this description, which in other countries contribute a grant for the furtherance of scientific inquiry. These discoveries, in a singular manner, have borne out the supposed plan of the ancient city, as laid down by Stukely. A communication was read from Cirencester, relative to a cutting for a railway near that place, which had exposed some querns and a considerable number of ancient objects, including several stone coffins, three rude sarcophagi, urns, human bones as well as those of animals, Roman coins of the later period of the empire, and about twenty human skeletons in a very good state of preservation, with the teeth of all much worn, which is usually the case in interments of the early period. The age of these deposits is supposed to be about 1,700 years. A sepulchral stone was found very near to the spot of a similar discovery many years ago. This one had the inscription, D.M. CAST. CASTREN. V.A. Mr. Wyre, of Colchester, forwarded a beautiful bronze statuette of Bacchus, recently found at Colchester. Mr. Crofton Croker read paper on the discovery made at Arrow Key, Dublin, of some gold ring-money, the weight of which agrees with and supports the theory of Sir William Beecham, the able writer on the early history of Ireland, and which settles the question as to the use of these singular rings, being the currency of a remote period. Mr. Newton exhibited drawings of three vases, as specimens of a vast quantity found in cutting through a Romano-British burying-ground in Herts, while forming the Northern Railway. They occurred with weapons and other objects. A drawing of a singular and early Norman font, which is now used as a receptacle for rubbish, in the tower of Hurstbourne Prior, Hants. It is covered with a zig-zag pattern. The position which it now has in the church is an instance of a singular want of respect paid to these curious reliques in that part of the country, which may partly be attributed to the extreme ignorance displayed by the sexton, who told the party who made this communication, that it was "formerly used by the Papists to drown children." The hon. Mr. Neville announced the discovery by him of 194 Roman coins in a very fine state of preservation, in the neighbourhood of Chesterford. Mr. Beale Poste forwarded a drawing with a description of a curious baked clay cist, enclosing a skeleton, at Allington, Kent. Several other communications were received, and a highly interesting discussion on the recent discoveries made by Mr. Lukis, at Guernsey. The Society have to regret the loss, by death, of two excellent members of the council,—Sir James Annesley and Mr. Artis, of Northampton. The vacancies have been filled up by J. O. Halliwell, esq. F.R.S. and A. H. Burkitt, esq. F.S.A.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Eighth Annual Report of the Crichton Royal Institution for Lunatics.
[SECOND NOTICE.]

INSANITY by *perversion* is described as distorted, irregular, erratic activity of mind. It is monomania with delusion; the faculties do not act spontaneously; internal sensations appear as external impressions. Here is a curious case:

One of these cases, which had succeeded privation and distress, in a remote part of the world, was at first accompanied by such delusions, as that the three-cornered hat of Napoleon could be seen in the sun, and by the habit of gazing intently on the orb, as if in ecstatic contemplation of the historical head. Subsequently, when reason was partially established, and capable of acting with ordinary strength, but not in accordance with the recognised laws of reason, the opinion was adopted that no sufficient proof existed that Napoleon was dead;

and, ultimately, when the patient was mingling in society, displaying varied accomplishments, and when no flagrant trace of eccentricity could be detected, the patient was found still to gaze fixedly upon bright lights, and covertly to erase the name of the Emperor of the French whenever it occurred in his reading, affording another unequivocal illustration of the omnipotence and permanence of morbid habits, and of the pertinacity with which delusions retain a modified influence even after the re-establishment of sanity, and over a strong and active intellect.

To this division belongs the suicidal mania. We must take a passage from the notice of

THE CAUSES OF SUICIDE.

Where neither adequate cause, nor motive, nor object, can be recognised, suicides occur from, or may be legitimately referred to, a mere morbid tendency—a loss of the desire to live, and think, and enjoy—a disposition to destroy the consciousness of pain. The impulse is an uncontrollable as that which leads to homicide. It may be regarded, and reasoned upon, as an infatuation by the patient, but it cannot be excluded from the mind or subdued; it is dreaded, defied, repudiated as a principle of action, and resisted as repugnant to the principles of the actor, but it conquers. However worthy of being classed among mental diseases, when emanating from a motive real or imaginary, it is chiefly so when it exists as a perversion of a moral attribute, and it is then chiefly dangerous and intractable. The furious and frantic rarely attempt, although they may threaten, to commit suicide. It is the calm, rational melancholic who resists all treatment, repels all counsel, who at last effects his purpose, despite of all vigilance. It is likewise formidable when found in conjunction with a strong understanding, where its nature and consequences can be estimated; and as a concomitant of fatuity and senile insanity, where the mind is blank or in total confusion, and incapable of appreciating its own condition, or of acting under a settled purpose. Patients more frequently commit suicide when recently admitted to an asylum, and when about to return, or when they have actually returned home, than at other times, as the tendency is obviously most irresistible at the invasion of the disease, and during convalescence; when the impulse is newly developed, and when the removal of restraint, the renewal of former associations and intercourse, expose the nervous system to new and powerful excitement. In seventeen cases of monomania with delusion, there have been six presenting the disposition to suicide as the most prominent symptom. In four of these the mental condition was simply a desire to die, to flee from some one state or object to another: in two the desire originated in, and was traced by the patients themselves to remorse—to a conviction that, in ceasing to live, they might cease to suffer. Fashion, or imitation, or some new invention, generally determines the mode of destruction, as at present many suicides prefer death by prussic acid, or by the sweep of a railway train; but in the cases under review, all attempted or meditated death by strangulation.

The reporter institutes an inquiry into the prevalent causes of insanity. This is the result of his large experience.

CAUSES OF INSANITY.

If the history of the insane be traced, where no specific cause of the disease has been or can be assigned, there will be generally found some peculiarity of thought or conduct which has issued in eccentricity; some acute susceptibility of feeling which, by indulgence and cultivation, terminates in melancholy; some infirmity of purpose, which becomes incapacity; some irritability of temper, which expands into violence; some vain, but cherished opinion, which eventually monopolises the whole mind; some secret, forbidden taste; some hidden spring of hope, or ambition, or fear, which may be a foible in youth, but is regarded as folly in manhood—which may be compatible with prosperity, but is laid bare, and exposed as visionary and preposterous under misfortune. If imbecility

is often indicated by such minute irregularities as absence of mind, reverie, abstraction, forgetfulness of facts or persons, so are other forms of alienation preceded by mere gentleness and feebleness of character, by slight inconsistencies, or contrarieties of disposition, or even oddity in dress.

New agents in the medical treatment of the insane have been successfully introduced during the past year: among them are animal magnetism, inhalation of ether and chloroform. One of the principal difficulties the medical man has to combat is the tendency of the insane to simulate disease.

The object may be to excite sympathy, to obtain some coveted indulgence, or to evade some disagreeable duty; but in general it is solely that tendency to mystify and deceive which may be met with where no madness is suspected, but which should in all cases be regarded as disease. A lady in the Institution alleges that she spits blood in enormous quantities, and endeavours to produce practical proof of the haemorrhage. A gentleman, now discharged, acted paralysis with great success; rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, are of constant occurrence: pain of every description, in every position, is complained of; epilepsy is so well simulated that the pretended orgasm produces a modified condition, but closely allied to the true paroxysm. This tendency is most frequently observed among females. Its most exquisite form is likewise seen in that sex.

The moral treatment pursued is similar to that of which our readers have already, in reviews of former reports, received a full description,—labour, reading, music, dancing, writing, horticulture, and such like; and Mr. W. A. F. BROWNE, the conductor, thus concludes his report:—

If our amusements are frequent and varied, our labour is unremitting and productive. Physical occupation and physical exercise contribute as essentially to the prosecution of the objects in view as music, or science, or literature. If there are paintings on the walls, there are mats and carpets on the floors made by the hands of inmates: if we endeavour to identify the pursuits and tastes of these persons with practices sanctioned by the world, there is provision made to elevate their thoughts above that world to the contemplation of the source of health, and sanity, and peace. The objects are manifold. It is desired to supply occupations which are incompatible with unhealthy mental excitement; it is desired to secure all the conditions of bodily health and comfort; it is desired to diminish the amount of restriction, as well as restraint, and to increase the amount of confidence, and protection, and liberty; it is desired to suggest new in place of old trains of association, to substitute agreeable for painful impressions: it is desired to render the healthy faculties subservient in restoring those which are enfeebled or diseased; it is desired to bring the insane out of themselves, and into contact with all in nature, or art, or social arrangements, that is pleasurable, and pure, and good. And as the simplest facts have led to the most sublime discoveries, as trifles make up the sum of human happiness, it will be conceded that attention to details in the moral management and social economy of the insane, instead of being a puerile conceit, is profound philosophy; and that, in associating so intimately occupation and enjoyment, ethics and medicine, we are but carrying out to its legitimate ends the noble design which placed this stately and substantial structure amid the beauties of external nature, and dedicated it to Him who out of “small beginnings” “bringeth mighty things to pass.”

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

BECTIVE.—On the 30th ult. at Headfort House, Kells, Meath, the Countess of Bective, of a daughter.
BUER.—On the 7th inst. at Hendon, the wife of Mr. W. Buer, of that place, and Munster-street, Regent's-park, of the eighth son.
CRAVEN.—On the 6th inst. at Charles-street, Berkeley-square, the Countess of Craven, of a son.

DEATHS.

JARMAN, Mr. Eli, schoolmaster, of Church-street, Islington, of consumption, consequent on influenza, on the 5th inst. aged 62.
MATHERW, Felton, esq. on the 26th of November, at Lima, on his way to England, after a protracted illness produced by exertion in the discharge of his duty in New Zealand; the first Surveyor-General of that colony. Aged 46.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

MAJOR-GENERAL W. NAPIER, the historian of the Peninsular War, is to succeed to the Colonelcy of the 27th Regiment, vice Sir John Maclean, deceased.—M. Garnot, deputy of St. Domingo to the National Convention, died at Chatillon-sur-Marne, on the 28th ult. in the 90th year of his age. M. Garnot took no part in the great struggles of the Revolution. The vessel in which he sailed for France having been wrecked, he only took his seat, as representative of the people, in the first days of Measidor, year 2, a month before the downfall of Robespierre.—Active preparations are being made to equip the Arctic Expeditions, under Sir James Ross and Sir John Richardson, destined to proceed in search of Franklin. Dr. Rae will accompany Richardson.—At Cologne, a suspension bridge is about to be thrown over the Rhine by French engineers—similar to that which crosses the Danube at Offen. It will rest on a single pillar in the middle of the stream—and is to cost 150,000 thalers.—An interesting sale of a collection of autograph letters, the property of the late Rev. Thomas Smart Hughes, took place at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's, the auctioneers, of Wellington-street, Strand. The following were worthy of notice:—A letter of Sir Walter Scott to Bishop Percy, dated Edinburgh, 1800, respecting the publication of his “Border Ballads.” It sold for 21. 10s. An interesting but melancholy letter, in the autograph of Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actress, to Mr. Vickery, the hairdresser, “regretting her inability to pay his account in consequence of a most painful and distressing illness,” sold for 21. “Nell Gwynne,” a receipt for her quarter's allowance of 500*l.* dated August, 1684, sold for 21. 4s. A sketch of a letter to Lord Palmerston, in the handwriting of Dean Swift, dated January 31, 1726, and indorsed by the dean, “Answer to Lord Palmerston's civil, polite letter,” sold for 21. 5s. “A Running History of Poetry,” also in the autograph of Dean Swift, sold for 11. 10s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Andersen's (H. C.) Rambles in the Regions of the Hartz Mountains, translated from the Danish, by Charles Beckwith, post 8vo. 1s. 11s. 6d. cl.
Barne's (A.) Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Isaiah, “American Edition,” 2nd edit. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Bibliotheca Sacra, Vol. IV. royal 8vo. 24s. cl.—Bird's (Dr. Golding) Elements of Natural Philosophy, 3rd edit. facp. 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.—Bignoni's (M.) on the Proscriptions and Persecutions of the Jews, translated from the French by a Lady, 8vo. 1s. sewed.—Boy's (The) Own Book, new edit. sq. 16mo. 6s. bds.—Brabazon's (W.) Deep Sea and Coast Fisheries of Ireland, 8vo. 6s. cl.—Burritt's (Elihu) Sparks from the Anvil, new edit. 12mo. 1s. sewed.—Burke's (John and J. B. eds.) Royal Families of England, Scotland, and Wales, with their Descendants, Sovereigns and Subjects, Part II. super royal, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Ditto, Vol. I. super royal 8vo. 21s. cl.—Book (A) for the Cottage, by the Author of “Female Visitor to the Poor,” 18mo. 3s. cl.
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Garratt's (Rev. Samuel) Scripture Symbolism; or, Tabernacle Architecture, facp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Hawker's Select Works, 6 vols., 18mo. 18s. cl.—Helen Fleetwood, by Charlotte Elizabeth, new edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.—Hen-Pecked (The Husband), a novel, by the Author of “The M. P.'s Wife,” 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Hobson's (R. D.) Dictionary of Terms used in Medicine and the Collateral Sciences, 3rd edit. enlarged, 12mo. 10s. cl.—Horace, the Satires and Epistles of, with Notes and Excursus, by Thomas Keightley, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—

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Taylor's Phillip Van Artevelde; the edition in 2 vols. 12mo.

Vol. III. of "A New and Authentic History of France from the Earliest Records of Time to the End of the Great Revolutionary Contest," by the Author of "The Wars of England" (no date of publication), 8vo. and sold, for the Author, by Chapman and Whitrow, Jewry-st. Aldgate, and at the British Directory Office, Ave Maria-lane, St. Paul's.

The Memoirs of the Chevalier Bayard, either in French or English.

The Heptameron of Marguerite de Valois.

WIT AND WISDOM OF THE WEEK.

AN AUTHOR IN DIFFICULTIES.—In a series of papers, entitled the *Autobiography of a Working Man*, at present in the course of publication in the *Manchester Examiner*, we find the following curious statement:—The writer had returned from Spain in 1837, after fighting the battles of Queen Christina, with no other reward in his pocket than a certificate for six months' arrears of pay, which he offered first for 1s. then for 10s. then for 5s. and lastly for a quire of paper, on which to commence a *Narrative of the British Legion in Spain*. He says:—"I got a suit of clothes made to appear in on landing in Scotland; but was robbed of clothes and every farthing of money before I got on board the ship. I might have found friends and have got assistance in Glasgow. I would not, in the dirty regiments I was clothed in, go to any person who had before known me. The person to whom I offered my certificate of six months' gratuity for a quire of writing-paper and pen and ink to begin to write my narrative of the Legion, would give nothing for the worthless certificate, but made me a present of several quires of writing-paper. I walked out of Glasgow, three or four miles up the Clyde, got into a field of beans nearly ripe, crept out of sight to the middle of the field, lay there three days and nights, writing the first chapters of my narrative, and living on the beans. I sent the farmer a copy of the work afterwards as payment for what I had eaten." It is pleasant to learn that the work thus commenced sold extensively, and produced to the author a clear profit of 100!

A PATIENT TRAVELLER.—A quiet elderly gentleman found himself the other day one of four travellers in a railway carriage. The other three were ladies, who talked from the beginning to the end of the journey—kept up, in fact, so lengthened a conversation, that it was exactly 200 miles long. When

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